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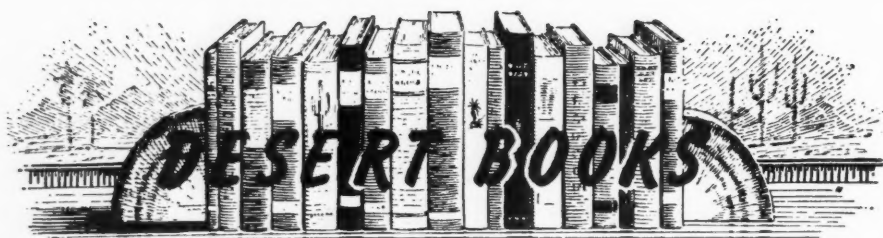
Desert

M A G A Z I N E

DECEMBER, 1945

25 CENTS





KANSAS ACADEMY PUBLISHES PAPER ON COLORADO DESERT

The geology and biology of the Colorado desert are described by T. D. A. Cockerell in an illustrated 39-page treatise published as the June, 1945, number of the Transactions of the Kansas Academy of Science. Professor Cockerell, who with Mrs. Cockerell, is at present directing the Desert Museum at Palm Springs, is a well known naturalist and author whose scientific work has been extensive.

Although written from a scientist's viewpoint, the desert student will find

much of interest in the paper—from the naming of the Colorado desert to a consideration of the recently-arrived barnacles in Salton Sea. Preliminary to the discussion of the geological formation of the Colorado desert, Prof. Cockerell examines the geology of the Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon, "progenitors" of this silt-and-gravel laden plain.

Scientists still have many questions about this area to answer, including its age. Cockerell lists and discusses evidence gathered by scientists to help solve some of the puzzles.

BOOK BRIEFS . . .

Advance notices claim that Forbes Parkhill's *Troopers West*, published by Farrar and Rinehart, is above the average in westerns. Its setting is the Ute Indian reservation, Colorado, three years following massacre of the Little Big Horn and plot revolves about Lt. Starr MacArthur, young medical officer of U. S. cavalry.

. . .

Any editor who makes a "Collection" knows he is a target for the criticism of those who have their private opinions as to what he should have included or omitted. Editor Harry E. Maule in collecting *Great Tales of the American West*, for the Modern Library, New York, set out to choose his Western favorites, first for interest and second to show examples of the development of the form. Among authors included are Ernest Haycox, William MacLeod Raine, Zane Grey, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

. . .

Redmen's Horizons is a booklet 4½x6 inches in which Walter Pannell gives an elementary introduction to the significance of Indian ruins found in the Southwest. Chapters are: "Evidence of America's Ancient History," "Pictorial History of the Aztecs," "Indian Dance and Its Significance," "Apartment Dwelling Pueblos," "The Indian Tries Civilization." Published by Thor's Book Service, Los Angeles, at 25 cents.

. . .

Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, recently published a new enlarged edition of Frances Watkins' *The Navajo*, No. 16 of the museum Leaflets. This second edition has 50 pages, including a reading list. Illustrated with many photos, drawings. 30 cents. Includes information on homeland, language, history, subsistence, shelter, clothing, appearance, crafts, social and political organization, chants, poetry, song and painting.

. . .

Two illustrated booklets of legends by W. I. Lively of Phoenix, Arizona, recently were published and illustrated by A. Truman Helm, Phoenix. *Legend of Camelback Mountain*, first published in 1928 and now re-issued, tells in verse the legend of the "Old Man of the Mountain," a craggy projection resembling a human figure on Camelback, ten miles northeast of Phoenix. The second is *Apache Trail, An Indian Legend*, a drama in verse of primeval Indian life along the Tonto Apache trail which leads from Phoenix through Tempe, Mesa, Apache Junction, around the Superstition Mountains, past Roosevelt Dam and the Tonto cliff dwellings to Globe. This was the trail used by the Apaches as they emerged from their stronghold in the White mountains, and which is followed closely by the modern highway.

BOOKS . . . BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

- Traveler's Handbook to Southern California. Pasadena, 1904, 12-mo, cloth, 510 pp. Illustrated\$1.50
- An Appreciation of Charles Warren Stoddard. Los Angeles, 1909, 12-mo, boards, 63 pp.....50c
- The 1910 Trip of the H.M.M.B.A. to California and the Pacific Coast. Octavo, cloth or full leather. San Francisco, 1911, 377 pp. Illustrated. (An encyclopedia of people)\$3.00
- The California Birthday Book. Prose and Poetical Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with a brief biographical sketch of each. Los Angeles, 1909, 12-mo, cloth, 422 pp.\$1.00
- A Little Journey to Some Strange Places and Peoples in Our Southwestern Land. (New Mexico and Arizona.) Chicago, 1911, Octavo, cloth, 270 pp.\$1.00
- Exposition Memories. Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1916. Pasadena, 1917, Octavo, cloth, 216 pp. (An anthology of San Diego writers.)\$1.25
- House Blessing Ceremony and Guest Book. Pasadena, 1917. Quarto, cloth, 70 pp.\$1.50
- The Story of Scraggles. Pasadena, 1919. Octavo, cloth, 113 pp.75c
- Quit Your Worrying. Pasadena, 1917. Octavo, cloth, 262 pp.\$1.00
- Living the Radiant Life. Pasadena, 1917. Octavo, cloth, 291 pp.\$1.00
- Singing Through Life with God. Pasadena, 1920. 8 vo, cloth, 483 pp.\$1.50
- Utah the Land of Blossoming Valleys. Boston, 1922. 8 vo, cloth, 371 pp. Illustrated, boxed. (\$6.00)\$3.50
- Poetry and Symbolism of Indian Basketry. 1913. 8 vo, in wrappers, 40 pp. A well illustrated handbook\$1.00
- Date Culture in Southern California. Los Angeles (n.d.). 8 vo, in wrappers, 36 pp. Illustrated50c
- The Story of Captain, The Horse with the Human Brain. Pasadena, 1917. 8 vo, wrappers, 50 pp. Illustrated50c
- Winter Sports at Huntington Lake Lodge in the High Sierras. The story of the first annual ice and snow carnival of the Commercial Club of Fresno, Calif. Pasadena, 1916. 8 vo, wrappers, 50 pp. Illustrated50c
- Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on California Literature and its spirit. Los Angeles, 1909. 8 vo, wrappers, 40 pp. (An excellent short resume of California literature.)50c
- Rose Hartwick Thorpe and the story of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." Pasadena, 1916. 8 vo, wrappers, 64 pp.\$1.00
- Handbook of Indian Basketry. Their Origin and Symbolism, Los Angeles, 1945. Limited edition of 50 numbered copies. 8 vo, cloth, gilt lettering\$5.00
- How to Make the Indian and Other Baskets. New York, 1903, cloth, 8 vo, 142 pp. Illustrated\$2.50
- Practical Basket Making. Cambridge, 1916. 8 vo, cloth, 130 pp. Illustrated\$2.50
- The Basket, The Journal of the Basket Fraternity or Lovers of Indian Baskets and Other Good Things. Pasadena. Vol. 2 complete, 1904. Wrappers\$1.00
- Only two volumes were ever published. Each issue contains complete articles on Indian baskets, and contains numerous illustrations. An extremely scarce and little known publication.
- Arroyo Craftsman. Los Angeles. Vol. 1, No. 1, 8 vo, wrappers, 88 pp. The only number ever issued. Illustrated50c
- The Rattlesnake Bite and How to Cure It. Pasadena (no date). 12 pp. Scarce pamphlet. Describes James' experience in Arizona50c

N. A. KOVACH

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DESERT Close-Ups

• About Christmas is the time set for publication of Dama Langley's new book *Canyon Girl*, a story of the Navajo Indians. Mrs. Langley, who frequently writes of her Indian friends in DESERT, has dedicated this book to Toli, little seven-year-old Indian girl whose story she told in DESERT, November 1943.

• George McClellan "Desert Bird" Bradt, after almost five years in the army, now is in Salzburg, Austria, as photographer in the signal corps. While awaiting his return to the desert, his wife "Sis," who has collaborated in the numerous birdlife stories which have appeared in DESERT, lives on an Arizona ranch. Just now she is "accidentally" a country school teacher. Among other strange creatures which attend the school is a baby antelope which follows one of the little boys everywhere—including the classroom!

• Clee and Betty Woods recently went back to explore a ruined city which had intrigued them for seven years—since their first glimpse of it high on a rocky promontory above the wild and jagged lava malpais of New Mexico. In a coming issue Clee will tell of this mysterious abandoned sky city, whose masonry Clee believes to be equal to any pre-Columbian stonework in the Southwest, and superior to that of Mesa Verde or Chaco Canyon.

• Weldon Woodson, co-author with Raymond Thorp of *Black Widow*, *America's Most Poisonous Spider*, and writer of stories for DESERT readers, about the chuckawalla, gila monster, horned and collared lizards, next month will tell some facts and fancies about another denizen of the desert, the Centipede—that fabulous fellow who's supposed to have 100 feet.

DESERT CALENDAR

Dec. 9 and 25—Horseracing, Palo Verde Rodeo and Livestock association track, Blythe, California.

Dec. 13-14—Bi-State convention Woodmen of the World (Arizona and New Mexico), at Globe, Arizona.

Dec. 30—Presentation of Handel's *The Messiah* by Salt Lake Oratorio society, Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Feb. 28-Mar. 2, 1946—International Desert Cavalcade, pageant and festival, Calexico, California.



Volume 9

DECEMBER, 1945

Number 2

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Arizona Cypress, one of the best known evergreens of the Southwest, frequently grows in Christmas tree form.
Photo by the author.

Desert Christmas Tree

By MARY BEAL

YOUR IDEAS of the desert probably do not include native evergreen trees of the Christmas tree type. It's true you'll not find them on the great stretches of open desert but in some of the higher desert mountain ranges they grow in pleasing abundance. There are spruce and fir species, the traditional trees commonly sold in the Yuletide market but those members of the Pine family belong to the higher altitudes, usually between 7000 and 12,000 feet. Lower down the slopes and in canyons flourishes one of the best known evergreens of the Southwest, the Arizona Cypress, often in pure forests covering areas of considerable extent. Its range slightly overlaps the lowest stations of the firs and spruces and extends down to 3500 feet or occasionally lower. Its symmetry is variable but frequently it appears in Christmas tree form with stout horizontal branches and rather compact conical head. On the crests it develops into a low, spreading broad-crowned tree of marked beauty but in close stands and in deep canyons it lifts a narrowly-pyramidal crown up to 70 feet or more, the average height of a mature tree being about 40 feet.

One great value of this conifer is for ornamental shade and so highly is it admired and appreciated for that purpose that many nurseries of the Southwest carry in stock attractive specimens desirable for cultivation. It is drought-resistant, long-lived,

strongly aromatic, and the young growth is especially attractive because of the dense bluish or silvery-grey "bloom" which covers the foliage. Juvenile trees, garbed entirely in this brilliant silver-blue, are strikingly handsome.

The heavy, close-grained wood is very light-brownish or greyish with yellow streaks, the sapwood lighter colored. It is seldom milled commercially for lumber but has much local use in construction and for fuel. It is ideal for log cabins and because of its great durability in contact with the ground it is valuable for mine-timbers, corral and fence posts, and supplies excellent straight-grained material for doors, sashes, blinds and such building accessories.

In Christmas tree size even Santa Claus would approve of it for festive decoration. To me it is more imposing when the occasional winter snow mantles it with a soft white cloak, the branches bending downward with the weight of it, glistening in the sunshine as if bedecked with sparkling diamonds. Then its noble appearance is truly exhilarating and inspiring.

As living examples of the longevity of the genus, there are two Cypress trees in Rome said to have been planted by Michael Angelo, and Lombardy claims a Cypress tree dating from the year of Christ's birth.

Cypresses are easily recognized by their minute, over-lapping, scale-like leaves appressed to the quadrangular branchlets and by the small, globose cones, woody and button-like, held erect on stout stalks.

Of the several Southwest species there are two that favor the desert, the most widespread being the Arizona Cypress, *Cupressus arizonica*, and its variety *bonita* which differs from the species chiefly in having the leaves marked on the back by a glandular depression. Some botanists include this variation within the species and eliminate the variety.

Cupressus arizonica

Sometimes called Red-barked Cypress. The thin outer bark of the trunk and larger branches, dark-red or brownish-grey separates into long shreds which persist for many years, exposing the brighter-red smooth layer underneath. The tiny yellowish staminate flowers and the inconspicuous green pistillate ones are borne on different branches of the same tree in early spring. Usually, though, I have seen them in winter at lower altitudes. The cones, an inch or less in diameter, are composed of 6 to 8 shield-shaped scales, prominently embossed by a short point or projection, their dark or reddish brown veiled with a whitish "bloom." By the end of the second year when they mature, the wrinkled cone scales have separated more or less widely, disclosing 15 to 20 small compressed seeds under each fertile scale, the cones remaining on the tree for years after the winged seeds have disappeared.

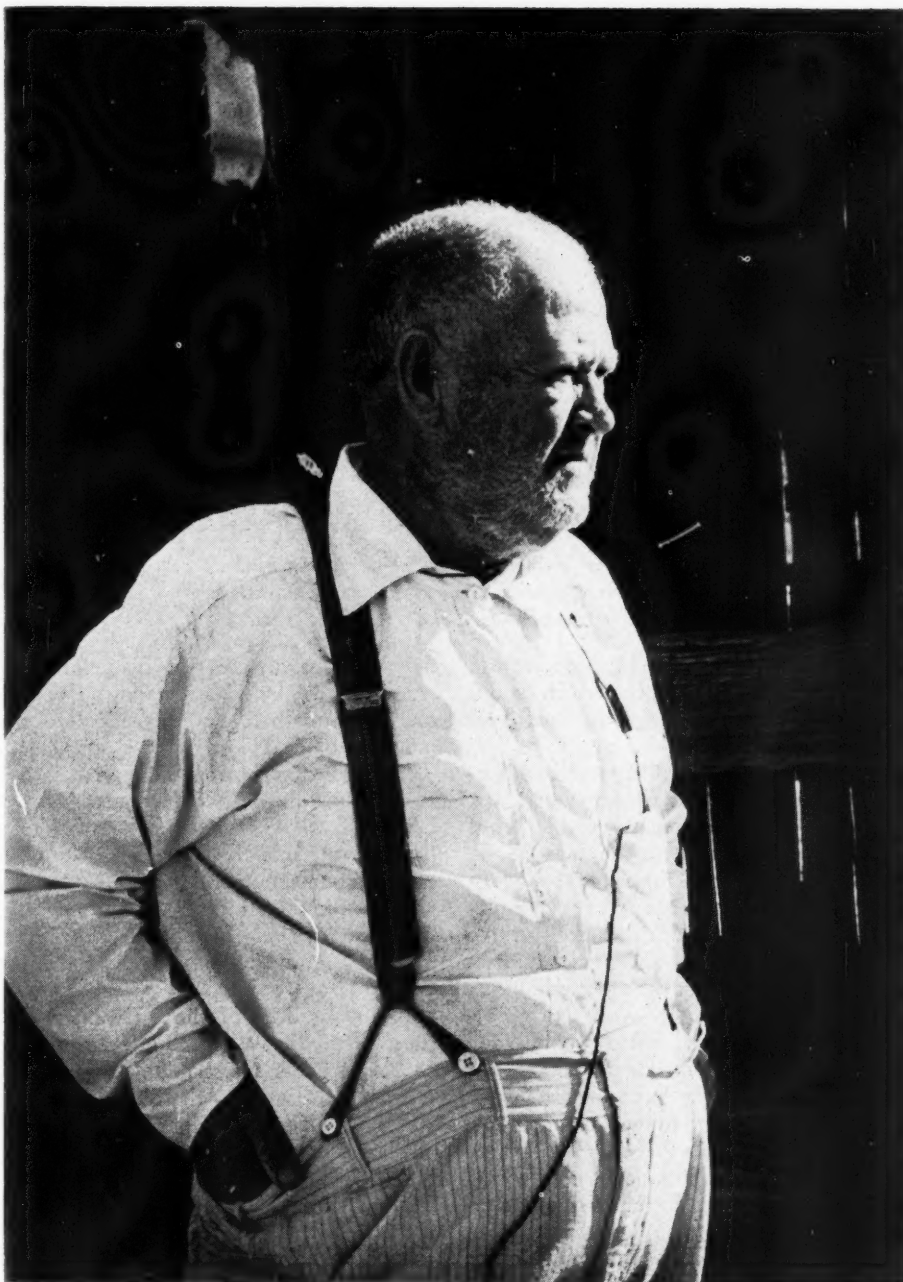
Arizona Cypress is native on mountain sides and canyons of Arizona, western New Mexico and northern Mexico and is important in furnishing protective cover on dry arid slopes and canyons.

Cupressus glabra

The Smooth Cypress is identified by deciduous outer bark, except on trees of great age. After shedding the outer layer the trunk is left smooth and dark purplish-red, resembling the manzanita's newly exposed inner bark. Aside from its bark-shedding habit it differs little from the Arizona Cypress.

It follows the same general pattern in form and color, its crown varying from narrowly conic to a broad rounding head and its crowded scale-like leaves may or may not have glandular pits. It has the same value in forming cover protection on dry gravelly slopes and is also useful for construction purposes of the same type as the Arizona Cypress.

The Smooth Cypress is found in several Arizona mountain ranges down the length of the state from 3500 to 5000 feet or over elevation.



Tom Childs of the Papago country. Photo by Norton Allen.

Tom Childs of Ten-Mile Wash

By RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH

It isn't necessary to live in the city, or even to go to school, to acquire true wisdom. Tom Childs doesn't wear tailored clothes, and most of his life has been spent on that great waterless desert that covers southwestern Arizona—but he has learned the art of living at peace with the world and his neighbors, both white men and Indians. Also, his friends testify that he is "a man of no habits." Which in the language of pioneer Arizona means that while he may drink and swear, he always keeps his word.

DOWN in the southwestern corner of Arizona in the wild and wickedly beautiful land of the Sand Papago a husky young American and an old Indian paused to look across the international boundary line toward the thumb-like peaks that rose above the dull black malpais of the Pinacate desert.

"Si! Señor Tomás," murmured Caravajles. "Those peaks mark the ancient land of my people, the *Hi' a tak o'otam*, or Sand People. To us they are sacred *shuktowak*, the Black Peaks. For in the great lava flow that licks down into the sands of the south lies the cave of *I'toi*, the greatest of the Gods, Elder Brother!"

Tom Childs, whom the Papago knew as *Muta*, Wood Pecker's Nest inside of a Saguaro, followed Caravajles into the Pinacate. They passed over trails never before trod by white men—dim shadows in the sand and volcanic ash. When they climbed to the saddle between the knobby black peaks, below them shimmered the great *Llanas arenosas*, the fantastic sand-bound desolation that sweeps west to the waters of the Gulf of California.

That first trek of Tom Childs and his guide Caravajles, was nearly a half century ago.

Recently when I visited Tom at his rambling ranch house in the mesquite thickets of Ten-Mile wash near Ajo, Arizona, I was in for a surprise. It did not take long to understand that this kindly old man with the wise grey eyes, has explored more virgin desert than any white man I have ever interviewed.

Tom Child's story starts a long way from Arizona.

"My father was born in 1832 down on the Tom Bigbee river in Mississippi," he said. "When he was a small boy he came west with a Mormon family. They finally settled on Lytle creek near present San Bernardino, California. When he was 18 years old he joined a party heading for Sonora.

"After following the Camino del Diablo to Sonoyta on the Mexican border the party went on to the Cubabi mines where they split up. In the years that followed Father did everything from running a saw-mill in Santa Rita mountains south of Tucson to digging for silver at the famous Planchas de Plata below Nogales.

"I was born at Arizona City, now called Yuma, June 10, 1870. My first memory is of the old Gila Bend stage station. Its site was five miles north of present Gila Bend, Arizona. Years ago the great floods that sweep the Great Bend of the Gila washed the old 'dobe buildings away."

Mention of a fine painting of the old station which I had seen hanging in A. H. Staut's hotel in Gila Bend brought further reminiscence from Tom.

"The station was built like a fort. There was a wide double door in the center. This opened into a big adobe corral in the back.



This photo was taken on the overland mail route between Tucson and Yuma, Arizona, in the 1870's by a traveling photographer named Gentile. His helper was an Apache Indian, later to become Dr. Carlos Montezuma. Photo courtesy Arizona Pioneer and Historical society.

A traveler's stock would be taken inside. The Apaches were bad at that time. Nothing was left outside without guards.

"The station was between the main trails traveled by the Apache when on their raids southward into the Papago and Mexican country. I well remember the moonlight night when they wiped out Salles Purusa's outfit. They killed his herders and ran off his stock. Then I remember the time when we killed an Apache. Father stuck his head on a pole as a warning to the others.

"In 1875 Mother thought it was about time for us children to start school. So we moved to Phoenix. At that time there were about 500 people. Half were Mexicans. There was a courthouse, jail, schoolhouse, restaurant, several general stores, and of course, lots of saloons."

"With that small population you should remember Jack Swilling?" I probed.

"Sure I remember Jack," answered Tom. "Just before his death in 1878 he worked with my father as a law officer. Father always said, 'Jack was not a bad fellow. He

drank too much. Then he bragged about a robbery up near Wickenburg which he did not commit. He was too good a man to let die in Yuma Prison—"

"This same Jack Swilling started Phoenix in about 1868. At first they called it Swillings. Then the settlers got to arguing about a new name for the townsite. So they called in Darryl Duppa, who suggested, 'Let's call it Phoenix after that Egyptian bird that rose from the ashes of the dead. For are we not building a new civilization on the ashes of the old Indian ruins that line our canal banks—?'"

Tom and I walked out to go into the twilight. The last crimson of sunset was trickling through the gaps in the purple peaks of Crater ridge to the northwest. To the west there was the green border of Ten-Mile Wash and the shadowy grey of the desert as it swept up to fade in the indigo ridges of Childs' mountain. Turning to Tom I said, "Now, I know why you chose this place for a home."

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I feel it—

the ever-changing color of this mountain I know so well. Under its shadows I've had my good and bad. For this has been my home for 61 years.

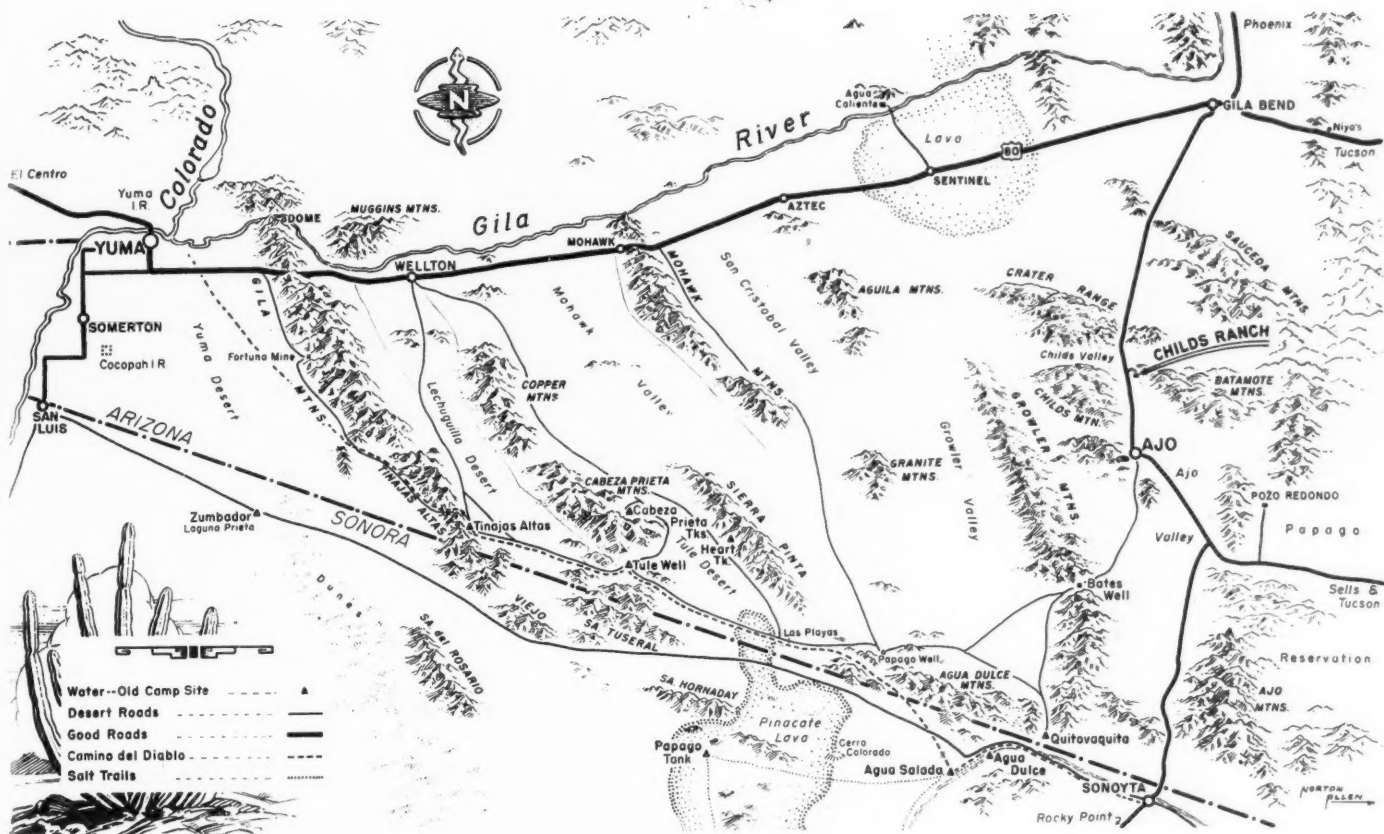
"It was after Mother died that Father and I moved down here. He had wandered by here in 1850 while looking for the copper deposits that the Mexicans in Sonora had told him about. We came down here to get a start in the cattle business. But neither of us ever got very far away from mining. We were always looking for a good prospect."

Knowing little of the early history of the Ajo country I asked, "I guess every part of Arizona has a lost mine—some tradition handed down by the old Indians and Mexicans. I've heard a lot of legends about these Ajo mines. How much is actually the truth?"

"Yes, that was one of these stories that brought my father up here in 1850. Down in Sonora he heard the Mexicans telling about *bolos de cobre* which had been taken from three little peaks to the northward of

A typical Papago camp in 1900. Tom Childs married one of the Papago girls.





a place they called Ajo, or wild garlic. He further learned that from the earliest Spanish days the ore had been mined by the fathers of the Mission San Marcelo de Sonoyta. You can still see the remains of the padre's old arrastre and smelter at the Alamo in the Ajo mountains.

"Father did not find any 'balls of pure copper.' But he did find the three cerritos. They were rich. Peter Brady who died in Tucson in 1902 came to Ajo soon after Father. Those three cerritos are gone now—for they stood right over the place where Phelps-Dodge now have their great open pit mine."

History tells us that Peter Brady located the copper at the time he was surveying a route between Indianola, Texas, and San Diego, California, for the Parallel Railroad company. With Major R. A. Allen he organized the Ajo Mining company in 1853. When they returned to start work on the mines the Gadsden treaty had not been ratified. Mexican soldiers tried to drive the Americans away. But the Americans held on to their property.

Tom went on, "Brady's outfit didn't do very well, and they finally quit. During the war between the states, Frank Clymer worked the mines. He shipped his ore across the desert to the Colorado river. From there boats carried it to Swansea, England. But the mines were hard to operate. Distance from civilization was great and the Apaches were always rampaging, burning up things and killing people.

"We located our first mines at Ajo in 1887. At first we were in partnership with

the Shotwell-Calado company, but their money soon gave out. After another try with the St. Louis Copper company we decided to handle it ourselves. We made some money that way. In 1912 we sold out our holdings to the Calumet and Arizona company. Later this firm became a part of the Phelps-Dodge corporation, the present operators of the mines.

"It was about this time that I began to take an interest in our Papago neighbors. Then I married one of their girls. Not



Childs' ranch house at Ten-Mile Wash.

counting the adopted children, I now have 13 living children and 35 grandchildren. While at times I have lived at Quitovaquita and Bates Well down near the border, I have always called this place on Ten-Mile Wash, home."

Sensing that Tom was agreeable to talking further about his personal life I asked, "Tom, I know something of the Navajo—even speak a little of their language. But tell me something of these Papago with whom you have lived and known for all these years?"

There was a hint of a smile in his eyes as he answered, "Now I may be hard-headed. But my life with the Papago has

taught me many things that I have never seen in a book. And I have read a lot. Furthermore, I speak their language. I stand on this fact—no white man can get anywhere as to what they're thinking unless he speaks their language.

"Now take for instance this simple thing. Most book writers interpret the word Papago as Bean Eating Indians. There were no such Papago. Among themselves each regional group had their own name. There were the Huhula, the Dirty Talkers from around Gila Bend, the Kikuima from Poso Redondo, etc.

"They say that Papago is from *pawi* (tepery bean), *o'otam* (people). That is not right. The term they are talking about is *pa'pat* (bad or ugly), *o'otam* (people). This must be a name that the Pima gave them. The Papago would not call themselves Bad or Ugly People."

Tom may be right. The present common usage may be the result of an early Spanish mispronunciation. It may be, as Tom suggests, the Pima name for their western neighbors. Few Indian tribes today are known by the names they call themselves. Father Pfefferkorn states in 1774 that the Pima regarded the Papago as "being of mean origin."

"For over 50 years I tracked the desert with only the Sand Papago as my compañeros," Tom continued. "My best friend was old Caravajles, the hermit of Tinajas de las Papago on the Sonora-side. It was from him that I learned of the few watering places in this uninhabited land of which the white men know so little.

"Caravajles first guided me through the Pinacate. This is the immense malpais punctured by craters that lies in a 40 mile belt between Sonoyta and Punta Peñasco on the Gulf of California. In our ascent of the mountains we passed over trails never before trod by white men.

"Our horses struggled through the powdery volcanic ash and the obsidian crackled like shattered glass beneath their hoofs. Deep in the monstrous lava-flow on the south side of this *terra incognita* we came to the cave of *I'toi*. But what we found in the sacred cave of the Papago I cannot tell.

"Westward we went over the Salt Trail towards the salt beds at Salina Grande on the Gulf. In this barren wilderness of sand we came upon the deserted jacals of the Sand Papago. And nearby were the mass cemeteries of these *Areneno* of which Caravajles said, '*bubuku o'otam*. All Gone People.'

"Beside the trail lay great dumps of broken sea shell. Caravajles told me that they were the workshops of the ancient people. That their shell ornaments were carried as far north as the land of the Navajo. I know this is true for I have seen specimens of this shell from the Gulf all over the Southwest."

While Tom was rummaging for samples of the fine obsidian from the Pinacate I took the opportunity to ask, "I imagine that the Papago have changed a lot since you first met them?"

"Yes, they have!" Tom was quick to answer. "I dug their first real well at Covered Wells in 1886. Then I saw how they buried their dead up in the rocks. So I made their first coffin at Quitovaquita in 1904. But they didn't get the idea. Sometime after the first customer used the box another Indian died. They just dumped out the bones and put in the new corpse.

"You ask me regarding the disposition of the Papago. Well, they don't care much about the white men. They don't really want to be bothered with them. The old timers had a motto, 'Get along with the *melicans*, but don't tell them anything.' In the early days they had a pretty tough time with some of the early prospectors and hard characters who traveled through their country.

"There is another thing to remember. You got to do business their way. Never question a Papago twice, he'll sulk. And never give him anything expecting white man's value in return. If you buy anything from him, pay him, and promptly! He's been hooked too many times by promises."

So here is Tom Childs' sage advice on dealing with the Papago. His interpretations must not be construed as harsh. He is a realist who recognizes that the Indians' mental gears mesh differently than those of white men. It is natural that deep down in their hearts many feel as did Old José of San Xavier when he told me, "some of these snoopery *melicans* smother me!"

On the other hand true men of the desert like Tom Childs treat their own race with the same dispassionate evaluation. "Lopez the bandit was a dirty killer and deserved to die of thirst in the sand west of San Luis; Charles T. Hayden, the father of Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, for whom my father was once wagon master, was a good and honest man . . ."

What other men think of Tom Childs he could not tell himself. When I stopped at Gila Bend to inquire as to the location of his ranch I met A. H. Staut, the local

hotel owner. Mr. Staut, a pioneer, whose father was once a partner of Tom's father, in the conversation said, "Tom Childs is a man of no habits!"

In pioneer-Arizona talk this means that one may have drunk or gambled (which Tom did not) but was a man of his word. It is testimony from Tom's own kind of people that after three score years of fellowship Tom Childs of Ten-Mile Wash is a respected member of that select fraternity that has no cash initiation fee—the Men of the Desert.

DESERT QUIZ

This monthly quiz really is a sort of School of the Desert. It covers a wide range of subjects—history, geography, mineralogy, literature, botany, and the general lore of the desert country. Most of those who take the quiz test every month find their scores gradually improving. The average person will not get 10 correct answers. Fifteen is a good score for those who travel and read extensively. Once in a great while one of Desert's readers attains 18—and that is a super-score. Answers are on page 38.

- 1—Desert woodpecker, when he drills his hole for a home, prefers—Mesquite trees..... Ironwood..... Saguaro Cactus..... Palo Verde.....
- 2—Dates in the Coachella valley of California generally are picked by—Shaking the fruit off the tree..... Knocking it down with a long pole..... Climbing the tree and picking the fruit from the stems..... Cutting off the stems and dropping them to the ground for picking.....
- 3—The color of juniper berries when mature is—Blue..... Red..... Green..... Yellow.....
- 4—"Stepe" is a term used in—Mining..... Wrangling dudes..... Irrigating desert lands..... Making cactus furniture.....
- 5—Most poisonous among the members of the desert insect world is the—Vinegaroon..... Black Widow spider..... Tarantula..... Centipede.....
- 6—An Indian trader on the reservation is licensed by—The tribal council..... The state..... The Indian Service of the federal government.....
- 7—Amethyst is quartz which gets its violet coloring from—Iron..... Manganese..... Copper..... Zinc.....
- 8—The wealth in the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola was recovered by—Coronado..... Escalante..... Pegleg Smith..... Never found.....
- 9—Chief industry of the Hualpai Indians is—Gathering piñon nuts..... Weaving..... Farming..... Cattle raising.....
- 10—The Kaibab forest is located in—Utah..... Colorado..... New Mexico..... Arizona.....
- 11—Largest city visible from Nevada's Charleston peak is—Reno..... Carson City..... Las Vegas..... Tonopah.....
- 12—Hohokam is the name given a prehistoric people who once dwelt in—Imperial valley of California..... Salt river valley of Arizona..... Death Valley..... Basin of the Great Salt Lake.....
- 13—Tribesmen living in Moenkopi are—Apaches..... Navajo..... Hopi..... Mojave.....
- 14—The blossom of the Nolina is—Pink..... White..... Yellow..... Purple.....
- 15—One of the following four minerals belongs to the Aluminum group—Galena..... Manganite..... Bauxite..... Hematite.....
- 16—Dr. Welwood Murray's name is connected with the early history of—Palm Springs..... Tucson..... Phoenix..... Yuma.....
- 17—*The Winning of Barbara Worth* was written by—Zane Grey..... Harold Bell Wright..... George Wharton James..... Stanley Vestal.....
- 18—Driving your car through heavy sand you probably will get best results by—Letting your wife drive while you push..... Putting chains on the wheels..... Letting some air out of the tires..... Turning the car around and backing through.....
- 19—The Gadsden territory was purchased from—The Indians..... France..... Mexico..... Spain.....
- 20—The historic feud between the Clanton Gang and the Earps ended in a showdown fight at—Ehrenberg..... Prescott..... Tombstone..... Bisbee.....

Palms in Pushawalla Canyon . . .

HARRY OLIVER was moulding a mud brick to go in the wall of the little mission-style trading post he is building when I stopped at Thousand Palms junction in Coachella valley, California, to ask about the condition of the old road to Pushawalla canyon.

Harry has been working on that 'dobe building two years—in his spare time. At the present rate of progress it will be another two years before he opens it for business. And then he probably will start tearing part of it down to put it back together again in some other design.

For Harry Oliver bubbles over with creative ideas. Most of the fun he gets out of life is in building things. He is master of the art of creating antiques. "Fort Oliver," he calls his post. And when it is finished it will look like the ruin of a miniature Spanish mission 150 years old.

"The padres overlooked this desert region when they were building their California missions," he explained, "so I decided to create one—cracked walls and all."

But when I asked about Pushawalla canyon, Harry was blank. "Never heard of the place," he said. "But the Wallace boys may know about it." So we walked across the lot and into the Wallace date shop where the brothers, Dewey and Charles, sell fruit from their nearby date garden, and serve refreshments to travelers who come this way on Highways 60-70-99, which converge at this point. Dewey Wallace had heard the name Pushawalla, but that was the extent of his knowledge.

"You're a fine tribe of desert rats," I chided them. "Pushawalla is one of the prettiest palm canyons in the Southern California desert, and it is located within eight miles of the Thousand Palms postoffice—and you hombres never heard of it."

I suggested this would be a proper time to begin getting acquainted with their local desert. Harry Oliver looked across at his unfinished adobe wall—and decided it could wait another day. The Wallaces had more pressing engagements. So Harry and I motored out along the gravel road toward Indio hills.

Many years ago prospectors found a trace of gold in the hills along the north side of Coachella valley. A road was built into Pushawalla canyon to work the mining claims. All that remains of the old road today is a few feet of corduroy constructed of railroad ties and palm logs, remnants the periodic cloudburst floods have failed to dislodge.

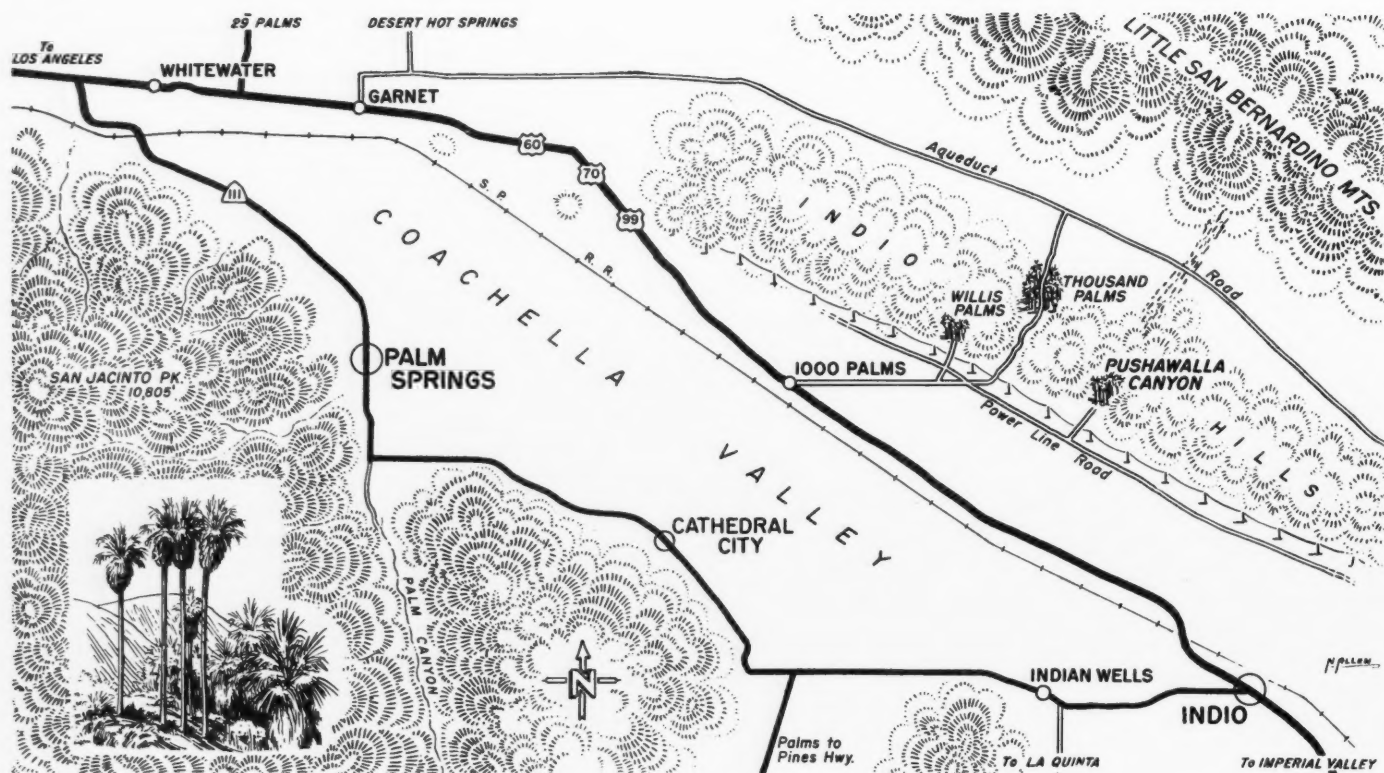
Since the destruction of the old road, Pushawalla has not been accessible to a

Riding along through California's Coachella valley on Highway 60 or 70 or 99—they are all the same in this sector—you wouldn't suspect that in those drab barren hills that parallel the road to the northeast are thousands of palm trees of unknown origin—trees that were veterans when the white man first came to the Southwest. Here is the story of one of those palm oases—a pretty natural park where humans seldom trespass.

By RANDALL HENDERSON



Pushawalla Palm Oasis.



stock-built automobile, although a little used and somewhat sandy trail which branches off the Thousand Palms road enabled visitors to reach a bluff overlooking the canyon.

Harry Oliver and I found the most fea-

sible approach to the canyon today is by way of a newly-constructed power line which parallels the Indio hills on the south. We parked our car beside this road, opposite the entrance to the canyon, and hiked approximately a mile to reach the

first palms in the Pushawalla oasis. Crossing the bajada that leads to the canyon entrance we found an old mining location monument with the notice in the usual tobacco can. A placer claim had been located here in 1921 by eight persons, and

The natural impulse when you visit Pushawalla is just to find a seat on a rock and enjoy the scenery—as Harry Oliver was doing when this picture was taken.



the assessment work was done in 1922—and the latter date evidently marked the end of this mining venture.

Strewn among the boulders at the mouth of Pushawalla were numerous palm trunks—driftwood—evidence of the power of the flood torrents which occasionally sweep down from the Little San Bernardino mountains on the north and follow the Pushawalla channel through Indio hills. But the floods never destroyed the oasis. Today there are 261 native Washingtonias, extending along the floor of the canyon for a mile and a quarter. They are vigorous trees, abundantly watered by a stream which springs from the rocks and flows on



There are many generations of palms in this oasis—some of them 125 years old.



the surface for a distance and then disappears beneath the sand.

The palms are all of the same species, but of many generations. Growing on benches above the floor of the arroyo are a few fire-scarred veterans that have withstood the elements for perhaps 125 years. Evidently they are the survivors of a cloud-burst which at one time virtually destroyed an entire generation of trees. However, neither flood nor fire has swept through this canyon for many years, as evidenced by the large number of mature trees with their skirts of dry fronds reaching almost to the ground.

The Pushawalla palms have been gaining in numbers in recent years. There are numerous healthy young trees ranging in age from a few months to 25 years. Older trees, some with their fronds burned in fires of long ago, and others of full stature yet showing little or no evidence of fire range to an estimated 125 or 150 years in age. As a result of its inaccessibility, the canyon is clean and orderly—a beautiful

Left—Take plenty of film if you go to Pushawalla canyon for there are many pretty vistas such as this.



Harry Oliver found the water in the little Pushawalla stream cool and sweet and refreshing.

natural park that every true outdoor person will want preserved just as it is.

An indistinct Indian trail leads from Pushawalla canyon over the hills to Thousand Palms canyon perhaps three miles to the west. Because of its fine sweet spring, Pushawalla without doubt was an old Indian campsite. But in this clay and gravel and sand formation the erosive effects of wind and water would long ago have removed or buried any artifacts or other evidence of Indian habitation.

Attracted by the water supply, a stamp mill was installed at the spring many years ago to crush gold-bearing ore brought down from the Little San Bernardinos. The stone and mud foundations of a building may still be found among the arrowweeds, and a shallow tunnel extends into the canyon wall at one point. But for nearly a generation there has been no hint of commercialism in Pushawalla canyon.

Our motorlog from Thousand Palms postoffice to the parking place along the

power line from which we started our hike into the canyon was as follows:

Thousand Palms . . . 0.0 miles
Take left turn at . . . 3.8 miles
Turn right along
power line at . . . 4.1 miles
Park car, start hike at . . . 6.1 miles

I have asked many old-timers for a clue to the name Pushawalla. Probably it is of Indian origin—but no one seems to know when or by whom it was applied to this canyon. As a matter of fact, the Pushawalla I have described merely is an extension of the main canyon which has its headwaters far back in the Little San Bernardino range. The palms grow only in that sector of the canyon where the waters have cut a channel through the little range of hills that crop up from the desert plain some distance from the base of the main range.

Indio hills, despite their drab and uninviting aspect as viewed from Highway 99, probably have more native palms hidden away in their canyons and coves than any other equal area on the Colorado desert of Southern California. There are Biskra palms, Curtiss palms, Macomber palms, Thousand palms, Willis palms, Seven palms and a score of other unnamed groups.

Pushawalla palm oasis, in my opinion, is the gem of them all—a quiet lovely retreat such as you hardly would expect to find in the barren mudhills called Indio.

NAVAJO NEED ROOM FOR GROWING POPULATION

With the Navajo population now gaining two per cent annually compared with a gain of nine-tenths of one per cent for the United States as a whole, the federal government through its Indian department is facing a critical problem in finding increased range for Indian livestock.

The Navajo reservation, much of which is arid, is now supporting 53,000 Indians, which is 19,000 more than can gain an adequate subsistence on the land, even if its resources are fully developed. Regions where grass was plentiful when the Indians returned to their reservation under the treaty of 1868, are now denuded.

Efforts of the Indian service to solve the problem by limiting individual flocks to 350 sheep not only have brought widespread dissatisfaction among the tribesmen, but even this drastic remedy does not offer a permanent solution to the problem because of ever-increasing population.

Wartime experience has proved that while the Navajo will go off the reservation to work for limited periods, he feels a strong bond for his traditional homeland, and returns there at every opportunity.

The Navajo tribal council has tried repeatedly to spend tribal funds for purchase of additional lands outside the reservation, but opposition on the part of white stockmen and indifference in congress have prevented progress in this direction.

The artistry that is inherent to a more or less degree in every human, knows no lines of race or color or religious creed. And so there is nothing startling in the fact that a 23-year-old Navajo boy who spent his childhood herding the family sheep on the desert near Tuba City, Arizona, is today producing paintings of widely recognized merit. Nevertheless, it makes an interesting story—as told here by Larry Wolman.

Tahoma of Santa Fe

By LARRY D. WOLMAN

When I asked Quincy Tahoma to tell me about the beginning of his interest in art—the first pictures he ever drew—he described in a few words his boyhood days on the windswept desert near Tuba City, Arizona, where as far back as he can remember he followed his mother's herd of sheep as they grazed on the sparse vegetation of that arid region.

"There was no paper or pencils in our hogan," he explained, "so I drew pictures with a stick in the sand. And sometimes I carved them on the rocky walls."

That was not so long ago, for Tahoma is only 23 today. But he has made rapid progress in the world of art since that early period when he lived in a hogan and idled his time drawing sand pictures while he tended the family sheep. Recently he was one of the two Indian artists whose work was selected by the editors of Encyclopedia Britannica as illustrative of the finest in Indian art.

One day this fall Tahoma and I were seated on a divan in the T. Harmon Parkhurst studio in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He answered my questions with the shyness characteristic of the Navajo when talking with an Anglo-American. But his shyness did not hide the fact that this Navajo boy is very proud of his work, and very sure that he will do more and better work as he gains in years and experience.

Tahoma is his Indian name. One of the teachers in the Indian school decided to call him Quincy. It was a name that recalled pleasant memories of her former home in the middlewest, and she gave it to



Quincy Tahoma, Navajo artist, in his Santa Fe Studio.

ART AND PRIMITIVE MAN

Desert Magazine staff passed the story of Quincy Tahoma to John Hilton for comment, and this is what John wrote:

"Ethnologists generally agree that the urge to draw or paint is among the most primitive instincts of prehistoric man. Civilization and the pressure of making a living have tended to submerge this and other creative instincts to the point where it crops out only in occasional individuals whom we call artists, musicians, dancers, actors, etc. In primitive tribes, however, these arts are still an integral part of life. Recently I interviewed a man whose personal evolution in art closely parallels that of the human race. Quincy Tahoma's first drawing materials were also mankind's earliest—a sharp stick and smooth sand."

the Indian boy because he was a good student and she wanted to honor him.

The walls of the room where we sat were hung with many of Tahoma's pictures—the clean-cut graceful lines and brilliant but

harmonious coloring that characterizes the art of the Southwestern tribesman. Most of the Indian work is done in two dimensions only. Their forms have length and breadth, but no depth. But Tahoma gradually is



Tahoma's painting "Navajo Travelers" shows the action that is characteristic of all his work. Navajo still sing as they ride, although it is not so common now to see them drumming their accompaniment as they go along.

breaking away from the two-dimensional tradition. Some of his most recent paintings have a hint of distance—a mountain range, or a tree or pinnacle in the background. His depth perspective is good, and friends are encouraging him to develop his talent in that direction.

One distinctive quality of Tahoma's work is the vivid action of his subjects. His buffaloes and horses and cougars and Indians never are posed. Muscles are taut and the facial expression of man and beast alike depict the tenseness of a critical situation. Tahoma loves to paint hunting scenes of the plain and forest—the primitive Indian who wore little more than a G-string and rode bareback and lived by his prowess with spear and bow and arrow.

I could find no flaw in his figures, and I asked him where he had learned to draw animals he had never known on the open range, the buffalo for instance.

"I saw them in the zoo at Albuquerque," he said.

But that did not seem an adequate answer to me, and when I pressed him further as to where he learned about the pre-

historic costumes and the hunting weapons and methods unknown to today's generation of Indians, he explained simply, "It is in my head."

Tahoma gave that answer to more than one question. His forebears had enacted those scenes—and deep in his inner consciousness they still live today as a part of his subconscious inheritance.

That is Tahoma's theory. And why not? He merely is doing what Navajo women have been doing for many generations—visualizing patterns of beautiful symmetry for rugs and blankets, and working out exquisite designs that are like no rug ever woven before. They follow no carefully sketched pattern. It is in their head.

Tahoma came to Santa Fe to enter the Indian school in 1932. He was ten. He remained there eight years. It was not until 1936 that he began taking instruction in art, but he was an apt pupil, and his work already was attracting attention when he completed his schooling in 1940. For a time he worked for the Museum of New Mexico at Santa Fe, doing odd jobs. Then Harmon Parkhurst set up a little studio for

him on the balcony in the rear of the photograph shop and began to display his art work. There was an immediate sale for his pictures.

Tahoma works almost entirely on paper or mat board with tempera colors—a brilliant waterproof medium that is well adapted to the Indian style of art. He paints with a swift sure hand, giving the impression of complete confidence in his ability to execute the picture that stands out clear and bold in his mind's eye.

And when the picture is completed, there is one more detail—the invariable trademark of a Tahoma painting. It is a thumbnail sketch that appears just over his signature—a tiny black and white drawing of the sequel to the picture. For instance, when the scene is a hunter about to spear a buffalo, the thumbnail shows the horseman riding home accompanied by a pack-horse carrying the carcass of the slain beast.

Tahoma probably will not go back to the reservation. He has found his place in a world that pays dividends for creative ideas and the ability to translate them into form and color.

Jackrabbit Homesteader

By MELISSA BRANSON STEDMAN

LAND hunger has reached epidemic proportions in these United States. It has broken out like a contagious rash in recent months in Southern California, where hordes of people with a back-to-the-land yearning, swooped down on the U. S. Land Office in Los Angeles in a mad rush for five acre desert homesteads, anywhere, just so it is earth under foot and space to breathe.

Applicants file for any blank space on the map regardless of whether or not it is on a high hill top, in a dry wash, or the side of a precipitous mountain.

This writer became infected with the malady in its most virulent form in the early '30's while preparing an article on Boulder Dam for a British magazine.

I read that California desert land would be opened for homesteading to war veterans in 1939, and to the general public in 1940; so I patiently sweated it out until that time. Then to the land office I went for a desert homestead.

I found that the homesteads were for five acres only, and were recreation tracts near the Joshua Tree national monument. They were really not homesteads in the true sense, but were leases of five acres, for five years, at five dollars a year. A five dollar filing fee was required, and the lease carried a requirement of \$300.00 in improvements within the five years as a condition for renewing the lease, or to buying the land in case the government decided to sell it.

The purchase part of the deal was only a vague promise by an office clerk in the land office, but that was good enough for me. I did what nearly everyone else bitten by the land bug does. I made a hasty filing on a blank space on the map for five acres located somewhere near Twentynine Palms, California.

This leap, then look, method proved awkward, for after filing I went to see my land, and what I saw I did not like. The acreage was in a sandy wash, infested with lizards, beetles and every manner of thing that creeps or crawls. With friends I camped out in the moonlight, anticipating a gorgeous sleep under the stars. But the heat was oppressive, and the bugs were too friendly. They crawled under the covers and kept me awake.

I spent a long uncomfortable night with those creeping things of the desert wig-

You've been wondering, no doubt, how the "jackrabbit homesteaders" who have taken up hundreds of Uncle Sam's five acre tracts on the Southern California desert in the past four years, are making out. Well, the truth is that due to lack of building materials, and for other reasons, not many of them have attempted to improve their \$5.00-a-year ranchos yet. But here is the story of one young lady—a city girl with plenty of what it takes—who built a cabin, dug a cistern, and shot the first rattlesnake that intruded on her claim, all with her own hands. We'll let her tell you about it.



The author. She overcame a childhood phobia against snakes and skinned this rattler herself.

gling around inside my pajamas. But I was not discouraged. Somewhere on the desert I would find what I wanted.

Later in the day we drove into Morongo valley. The heat was less intense, and while we had left the Joshua trees behind, the landscape was green with yucca and agave

and greasewood. I liked this valley and so I hunted up a local "expert" to help me locate the public lands in that area. Finally we found just what I wanted—nice flat land near the highway, with plenty of vegetation.

Back to Los Angeles I went, and put in



Melissa Stedman's cabin in Morongo valley near the Joshua Tree national monument in California. The wind-charger on the roof operates her radio.
Photo by Jo Sanford.

a request to change my original filing to the new location. It was the perfect site for the desert cabin I had dreamed about.

The government sent its engineers out there to put in the corner markers—and with the legal description in my possession and corner stakes to mark the plot, I went out again to take possession of my new rancho.

It was a mile away from the site my expert friend had shown me. It was in a boulder-strewn arroyo where there wasn't enough level ground for a pigeon-roost. I walked miles and miles over the section seeking another location. Then with a compass and a ruler I carefully measured off the distance, figured out the descriptions, and went back to try again at the Land Office.

By this time I was feeling a little bit sheepish about asking for still another change of location, but the Land Office was understanding and helpful. I relinquished the claim I held and filed again on the new one. This time I knew that I had what I wanted. I had slept in the car on the location and felt that I knew each jackrabbit and lizard by its first name. At that time I didn't know about packrats and rattlesnakes.

This was in March 1941, and the war clouds were gathering. I knew that I must work fast to get any sort of house before materials were frozen. But even in 1941, labor and materials were hard to get.

I was so impatient to make use of the land that I used it as a campsite for weekends even before the house was completed.

I slept in the car and built an outdoor fireplace for cooking. Building a fireplace was no small job for a 105-pound woman, but it was accomplished. Sand and rocks were available in abundance, so all that was needed to complete the job was a sack of cement, an old fireplace grate, the iron top of a wood-burning stove, a piece of

sewer pipe for a chimney, and a lot of elbow grease. This crude fireplace still serves for outdoor cooking in warm weather.

The building of the house was rushed to completion in the fall of 1941, and the last nail was driven on the day that Pearl Harbor was bombed. After that date materials and labor were impossible, so the 12 by 14 foot room is all that I have yet. Even at that I believe this to be the first of these little homesteads to be completed.

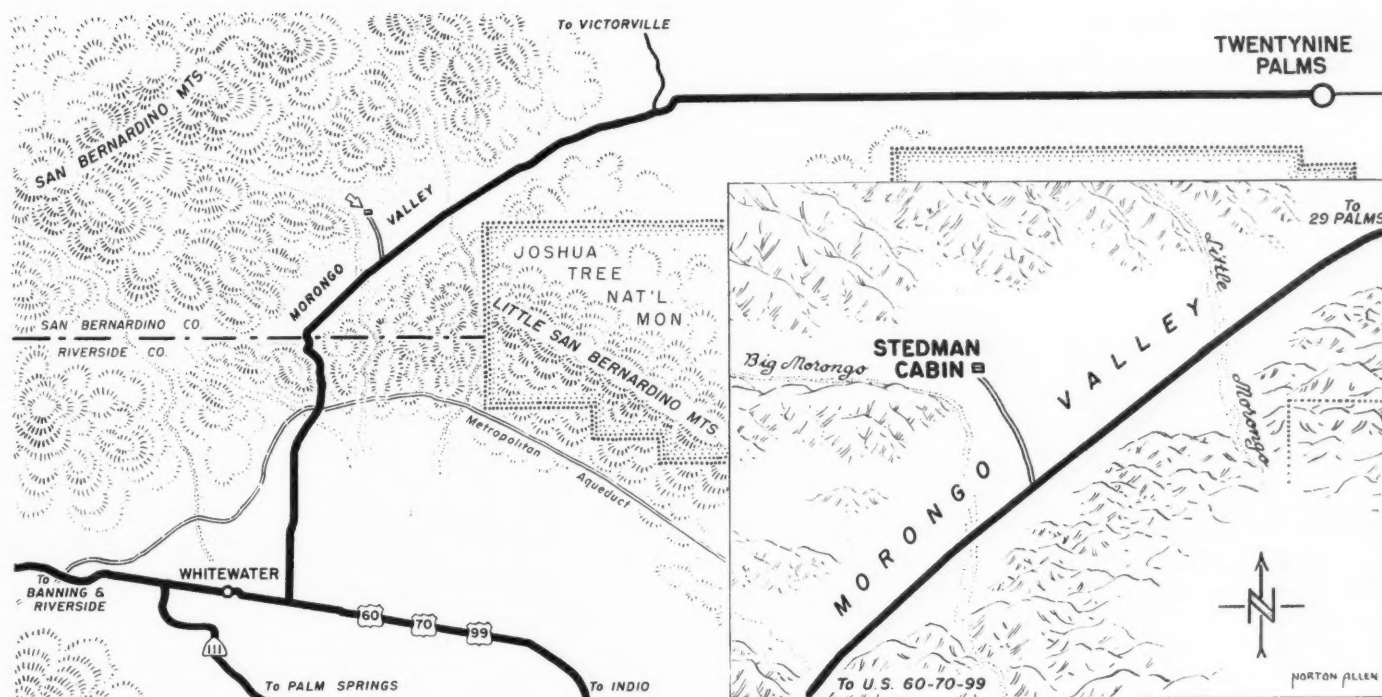
That one room must serve for library, kitchen, and bedroom for the present. Double-deck, homemade beds save floor space and make the small room adequate for weekends. A foot-wide shelf next to the upper deck bed serves as a repository for revolver, watch, and flash light. The revolver, and the ability to use it, helps insure peace of mind to the lone woman on the desert. I am lulled to sleep at night by the lullaby of the coyote's serenade—and how the coyotes do serenade during the mating season.

A wood-burning cook stove and oil lamps completed the necessities of a bare existence, but the oil lamps are not very satisfactory for one who likes to read and keep in touch with the news. Without newspapers, a radio seemed a necessity, so a car radio and a battery with a wind-charger to keep it charged solved the power problem. One thing yet must await the future—that is a refrigerator.

An old fashioned rainwater cistern solved the water problem; but making it came near being my undoing. Manpower could not be had, so womanpower on vacation was the solution for digging and plastering the cistern. It was my second cement

This was Miss Stedman's first cement job—an outdoor fireplace where she did her cooking while she was building the cabin.





job—the fireplace being the first. The hole was dug through rock and sand with a miner's pick to chisel away the solid granite, and a sauce pan to shovel out the dirt when it got too narrow for the shovel. A lining of chicken wire was plastered over until it was leak proof. Several coats of cement, plastered on during icy weather in drizzling rain and snow and sleet were required to make the cistern water tight.

Men friends and plumbers said it couldn't be done, but it was done—despite a harrowing experience. While putting on the finishing coat of cement, rain, sleet and snow started to fall. In my hurry to finish I pushed the ladder up out of the way. A gust of wind blew it out of reach, leaving me stranded in the bottom of the well. I spent an hour in the cold drizzle trying to scale the sheer walls of the cistern. Finally with skinned shins, frozen feet and a sprained shoulder I made it. Morning found the cistern half full of ice and water and a couple of drowned rats. To this day I shiver when I think what would have happened to me if I had had to stay in that hole all night.

Drowned rats meant that a rat-proof, lizard-proof, snake-proof cover had to be added, for animals have an unerring instinct for smelling out water on the desert.

Packrats and snakes do not seem to annoy the old-timers on the desert, but it is not easy for a tenderfoot to dismiss the thought of these denizens. The packrat will eat what it can and will carry away what it cannot eat. It is hazardous to leave loose matches lying around. A rope clothes line disappeared, and later I found it chewed into a nest for baby rats in the vault of my combination warehouse and outhouse. A loaf of sliced bread disappeared, and a week later a service station attendant in

Huntington Park found the bread in crumbs neatly spread on the motor of my car. It was toasted to a nice crisp brown.

In my case, rattlesnakes were a fearsome mental hazard. As a child I had witnessed the tragedy of their bite, and my whole

system revolted at the sight of a snake. The thought of touching one, even with its head off, almost made me ill. If I were to enjoy the desert I must conquer that feeling. Sober thought brought me to the conclusion that a master of arts degree in psy-

Just over the pass from the Stedman homestead are great forests of Joshua trees.



chology couldn't be of much use if it didn't help cure a case of childhood phobia.

First time I saw a rattler, I put a few slugs of lead into it with my revolver, and let it go at that. But later when a handsome diamondback ambled up the front steps for a drink, I got out the pruning shears and snipped its head off. Then I started skinning the snake. The first touch was a terrific ordeal, but I stoically held on, and found the snake wasn't cold and clammy at all—but warm and almost velvety in my hands. Just when I was becoming adjusted to the feel of it, the reflexes became active, and the body whipped itself around my arm. But I gritted my teeth and took it. Then I started peeling back the skin, and it felt no different from cleaning a rabbit; the meat was clean and white and smelled like the fresh warm body of a newly dressed chicken. The rattlesnake phobia was cured, and I have a beautiful diamondback skin under the glass on my desk as the souvenir of a phobia that is gone forever.

The desert at high altitude can be a heaven, or—the opposite, depending upon

how quickly the tenderfoot makes adequate adjustments. But adjustments must be made, even by those who have lived all their lives in nearby towns.

Mould and rot are unknown on this part of the desert—things just dry up. Peaches or other fruit will dry and be ready for storage in three or four days, and need not be in the sun either.

Summer weather is comfortably cool if windows are left open for the breeze to blow into the house, but if kept closed the house can become a veritable oven. Half a dozen duck eggs were left on the shelf between trips and hatched out during the month that elapsed before my next visit.

One time, having no place to leave some baby ducks while spending a vacation on the desert, I took them along. They were put to bed in a box with a lighted lantern for heat, and closed up in the sedan. During the night the big desert cats, either bobcats or cougars, held a convention in the yard, and all but undermined the car trying to get at the ducks. They made the night hideous with their yowling and I was afraid

to stick my head out of the house to chase them away.

If it isn't bobcats, it's coyotes. Over and over, coyotes have started a free for all brawl on my front steps, but when morning has arrived the only sign of the night of revelry is a few tufts of rabbit fur.

This is the fifth year of my lease, and I have been trying to find where I stand in regard to a patent. An inquiry to the Secretary of the Interior from Congressman Harry Sheppard in my behalf elicited the terse statement: "The lease is subject to renewal, and the lessee, who is found to be entitled to such renewal, will be accorded a preference right to purchase the land in the event a determination has been made to sell it."

These little homesteads are no poor man's bonanza. The very first requirement is that the homesteader have an income and be able to show that he or she is financially able, not only to support himself elsewhere, but will be able to improve the land and support it in a manner to which it has not been accustomed. These little acreages do, however, offer an opportunity for recreation to the salaried person who cannot afford the luxuries of Palm Springs.

An income or a job near enough for one to commute, and a pledge to build a house within the five year period are the chief requisites.

The stampede for miniature homesteads started in 1941, but the war temporarily distracted attention from the land. Now, the epidemic has broken out anew. The rush did not stop when all the surveyed lots in known locations were taken, but filing continued even after all the surveyed land was gone. It has kept up like a gigantic grab bag scramble for land—just any land, anywhere. The land hungry are gambling with nature by signing for anything that is vacant, without so much as knowing where the land is located. The land may be in a deep gully, on a sand dune, on a mountain top, or in a dry river bed that may become a raging torrent when the winter rains begin.

The psychology seems to be: "What's five dollars in these days of inflation? The land may be good, and what can you lose?"

Many of those who have filed on unsurveyed land in the winter find that they have lots, not on the high cool plateaus, but perhaps at sea level, or below, where summer temperatures may run up to 120 degrees or more. That is where a topographical map would come in handy before filing. If one wants a winter home, only, the low lands are fine, but if one wants a summer home, only, then the high plateaus are best, but for both winter and summer a medium altitude is most desirable.

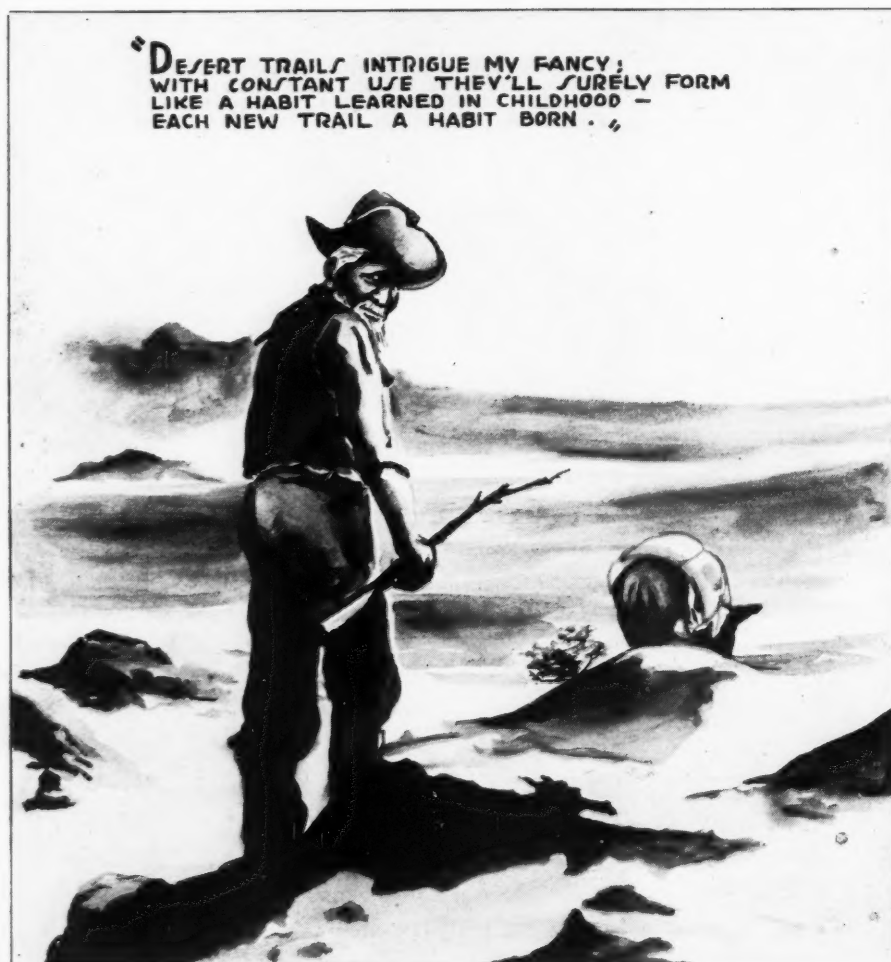
At best a desert homestead is not for the timid or the hothouse grown individual. Resourcefulness, as well as hardihood, and a sincere love of the outdoors and of wild life are necessary.

Desert Philosopher . . .

SOLILOQUIES OF A PROSPECTOR

Drawing by Frank Adams

Text by Dick Adams



Poking around in hidden passages and dark caverns under all kinds of conditions, members of the archeological fraternity sometimes have strange experiences—and here is one from the notebook of M. R. Harrington, curator of archeology at Southwest Museum in Los Angeles.



This is the mummy Harrington encountered in Eagle canyon cave in the Texas Big Bend country.

Adventure With a Mummy

By M. R. HARRINGTON

ORDINARILY I do not object to associating with mummies, in a casual or temporary way. They may be a little smelly in damp weather, and not very pretty to look at. But after all, they are distinctly in the well-behaved class. However, to be cooped up with a mummy, in pitch-black darkness, for an indefinite length of time, is quite another matter, as I discovered to my discomfort.

It happened in the big Eagle canyon in Texas, where I was carrying on excavations in an ancient Indian rock shelter. Mrs. Harrington was camping with us at the time, and one afternoon her keen eyes spotted a cave entrance in one of the canyon walls some distance from our project. I arranged to explore it at the first opportunity.

Leaving my Indian foreman, Willis Evans, my son Johns and the Mexican helpers digging away in the shelter, and equipped with tool-bag and canteen I followed the top of the talus slope out of the canyon. Here I turned northward along the base of the towering limestone cliffs forming the west wall of Santiago Draw, named for Santiago Peak, an outstanding landmark in this Big Bend desert country of southwest Texas.

When I arrived at the mouth of the cave my wife had pointed out from below it was larger than I had expected. The entrance passage veered to the right into quite a sizable cavern. I turned to look out through the entrance. Perfectly framed in

the archway was Santiago Peak—a magnificent spectacle. I lit my carbide lamp and proceeded.

Soon it dawned on me that the place had never before been visited by white men, at least not by anyone interested in Indian relics, for the floor was littered with pieces of ancient mats and baskets half buried in the dust. Reaching the end of this chamber I found a passage leading from it to the left, rather narrow but high. I followed this for about a hundred feet, treading on occasional bits of mats and baskets, until it finally pinched out.

Returning to the main chamber I spied another passage leading off, this time to the right. It was not only narrow but very low and sloping steeply downward. The beam from my carbide light did not reach the end of it, and the floor was slick as if worn smooth by the coming and going of wild animals. I listened carefully for a bobcat's warning growls, or for the ominous sound of a wild boar champing his tusks, for the native wild pig or peccary of southwest Texas, known to the Mexican as javelina and to the cowpoke as "half-lean hawg" is a nasty customer when cornered.

I heard nothing, yet I had a feeling that danger lurked in that hole. On the other hand I had a hunch that it also contained something of spectacular interest. After hesitating a moment I decided to take a chance. Armed with a long stick that was lying on the cave floor, in case I met a javelina, I slid down into the hole feet first,

with no idea as to where I was going to land or how I would get out.

I slid and slid. Then my feet struck an obstruction. It felt like a root of some kind, so I simply kicked it out of my way, and I heard it crack. Finally I reached bottom, and found that there was room to stand.

After the dust had subsided I turned my light this way and that. Basketry, matting, ropes and strings of many kinds were scattered about the little chamber. It was another archeological treasure-house, a cave dry enough to preserve even perishable matting for centuries.

Then I looked for the "root" so unceremoniously kicked aside. It was a dried human leg! And I had snapped it off—a mummy's leg! There lay the mummy itself in the sloping passageway, wearing the tattered remains of a matting shroud, the stump of a broken leg, all in plain view. A fine archeologist I turned out to be—breaking the first and only mummy we had found in Texas!

Well—in any event, I'd go back to camp and tell the folks. Maybe we could cement the leg back on, some way, when the time came. So I gathered up a few bits of basketry and matting to show, also my stick, and started back up the passage down which I had slid so easily.

All went well until I reached the steepest part—but there I was halted. The opening was too low and too narrow to use my arms and legs to propel myself upward. I tried again and again, but no use. Winded

and soaked with perspiration I sank down beside the mummy. No doubt about it, I was in a jam. The more I thought about it the worse it seemed. I would be missed in camp when supper-time came, but no one knew where I had gone—only that I had started out exploring. I might even—horrible thought—become the mummy's permanent companion.

As I was racking my brain for an answer I suddenly noticed that my light had begun to burn low. The lamp had not been refilled since I had used it last. Soon I would be in darkness—and then what chance would I have? Maybe there would be some carbide in a can in my tool bag. I could not be sure because we had not used any lately, the big rock shelter having ample daylight. While I was fumbling in the sack the light went out. The blackness was absolute.

Finally my fingers found the familiar flat can. Somehow in the dark I screwed off the top of the lamp; knocked out the spent carbide without losing the washer; poured in the new; screwed on the top again; filled the tank above with water from my canteen.

Then I tried the automatic lighter. It wouldn't work. I felt through my pockets for matches and found two, but they wouldn't work either. They were soaked with sweat. In desperation I tried the automatic lighter once again, one last time. It worked! I'd have a couple of hours before the final darkness closed in. I'll admit I



Entrance to the mummy's hideout.

In Eagle canyon, left to right, Willis Evans, Mrs. Harrington and Johns Harrington, the author's son.



breathed a little prayer of thankfulness at that moment.

After resting a few minutes to pull myself together I proceeded to the passage to study it calmly—if possible. Yes, the sides and top were solid limestone. No chance there. The bottom layer seemed to be solid rock also, but covered with a thin layer of clay, packed hard and smoothed slick by the feet of passing animals. What if I should scrape off all of this clay, thin as it was? Maybe it would give me just enough more room to wriggle snakewise up and out. So I started in with my trowel. Then I made a grand discovery.

The bottom was rock all right, but it was loose pieces, large and massive to be sure, but not attached to the solid ledge!

Feverishly I set to work, first clearing the ground of relics and piling them beside the mummy. Then digging around the rocks one by one, I loosened them and dragged them back. After hours, it seemed—it may have been only half an hour or so—I saw that I could make it. A few minutes later I was lying in the upper chamber, tucked out, but truly thankful. And Santiago Peak seen through the cave mouth, sun lit and wind swept, was a heavenly vision.

Finally I gathered up my things and started for camp. Once outside the cave in daylight I saw that the stick I had picked up for a weapon was an unfinished bow, still bearing the marks of the stone implements the Indians had used in shaping it.

On reaching camp I found there had been a terrific windstorm—so bad the womenfolk had struggled most of the afternoon trying to keep the tents from blowing away and were in no mood to greet me as a conquering hero. The men were still up at the shelter.

It was weeks before we could get around to work the newly discovered cave. Digging showed that the Indians had walled up the entrance to the mummy's chamber with blocks of limestone, after which dust and camp refuse had accumulated in the outer room nearly to the top of this wall. Then some of the top stones had slipped out, forming the hole through which I had entered, and enough dirt had run back into the mummy's chamber to cover the other stones and form the slope.

Once uncovered the mummy proved to be little more than a skeleton held together with dried ligaments and skin, but enough of this remained on the wrists to show tattoo marks. My wife, who had located the cave in the first place, climbed the cliff to see the mummy; and I remember that Willis would not let her leave until she had shaken hands with it! The mummy, in fact all the things we found on that trip, now repose in the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, in New York.

John Hilton wasn't looking for gem stones on this trip. And he did not find any of more than casual interest. But his trail led to a very interesting canyon—and the solution of one of the mysteries of that early day period when Rhyolite was a boom mining camp. No desert is too desolate for John to find a spark of drama in it.

Mystery of Jake Abrams' Lost Wagon

By JOHN W. HILTON

Photos by Floyd Evans

S SELDOM pass up an old wheel on the desert. There is a strange fascination connected with them that attracts me regardless of whether they are half buried in some dry wash or set up as an ornament in someone's yard. Every old wheel has a story. If they could talk some of them could tell volumes.

Each wheel has a distinct character of its own, just like the other "old timers" on the desert. Although this story deals with deposits of black fossil marble, Indian writings on gigantic cliffs and wind carvings among the Death Valley sand dunes, a set of old wheels in Charlie Walker's back yard started it all.

Charlie Walker, for those who don't happen to know him, is manager of the resort at Stove Pipe Wells in the north end of Death Valley, California. He came to the desert many years ago with a pair of burros and a surveyor's transit and stayed on to watch all the important changes that came to Death Valley with the passing years. He's been a surveyor, prospector, miner and camp manager. He's a good desert rat if I ever saw one and his wit and philosophy are legendary in Death Valley. I heard him talking to a tired business man one day about going fishing.

"You go fishing to get away from worries and to rest, more than to catch fish," remarked Charlie. "I don't see why you don't come down here to Death Valley to do your fishing. You won't get your feet wet here nor wear yourself out climbing up some darn canyon huntin' a better trout pool an' you'll never get your hook caught in the willows. It's a heap more restful an' you won't have to bother with cleanin' a danged fish."

This is just a sample of the line Charlie hands the tourists who sit by the hour to listen to him spin yarns of the old days in Death Valley "before the paved roads and sign posts came and a man's best friends were his burro and canteen."

Floyd Evans and I came to Stove Pipe Wells late at night. We had no chance to look around until the next morning but as we walked across the grounds from our cottage to the kitchen for breakfast I noticed the old wheels around the place. While we ate I began quizzing Charlie about them. After breakfast we went out to inspect the wheels more carefully and it was then that Charlie showed me the wreckage of an old express wagon. "If you want a real story," he said, "here's an old wagon that



Charlie Walker beside one of the wheels which are all that remain of Jake Abrams' lost wagon.

has had plenty of experiences, including being kidnapped." And then he went on to tell about Jake Abrams' express wagon.

In 1909 when the gold rush town of Rhyolite started to fold up there were a couple of gamblers who began to feel the hard times. When the mines were booming and the town building, money came easily to these parasites. It was a spendthrift community. Money was rolling in from all sides and there seemed little chance that it would ever stop. Rhyolite was going to be one of the most important cities in Nevada according to the optimistic settlers. They built three story brick and stone buildings, laid out streets for a still larger town and erected one of the finest railroad stations in the desert. Then the exciting new strikes ceased. The rich slopes in the working mines began to play out. Building stopped and those who had money that hadn't been spent began quietly leaving town. The gamblers lost their customers and the cost of living was high. Presently they found themselves with less cash than was required for railroad fare to any live spot where they could get started again. It was then that they decided to use strategy. They approached Jake Abrams who owned the livery stable and asked to rent an express wagon and a team to go prospecting for a few days. The story they told him was full of the usual old lines about the last mumbled words of a dying prospector they had befriended, and a ledge where a man could dig out a fortune in gold with a hand pick.

Their story was as old as the history of gold rushes and as phoney as the fellows who told it, but Jake had seen fortunes made from those hills and probably hoped that they would strike it rich and save Rhyolite and his once thriving business. At any rate, he agreed to rent the team and wagon. The gamblers paid twenty dollars down and promised to give him whatever balance was due on their return. They spent the rest of their funds on groceries and left early the next morning. They were never seen in Rhyolite again.

The desert is full of mysteries like that. A team and wagon



Charlie Walker and the writer inspecting the Indian art that adorns the marble walls of Cottonwood canyon.

and men simply rode quietly away in the sunrise and disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Tracking is difficult in Death Valley. Some surfaces are inlaid with a mosaic of small stones which reveal little or no trail. The sands drift over tracks in other areas. Jake Abrams philosophically chalked off his loss, and if anyone stopped to wonder, they probably decided that these green prospectors had lost their way and perished of thirst.

Then someone discovered in Owens Valley a team of horses that looked very much like Jake's. The owner had purchased them from two men who told a hard luck story of losing their wagon in the desert and having to ride in on horseback over the rugged mountains. Jake finally identified the team and recovered it legally, but nothing was ever heard of the two men who had started for the coast with the \$600 they had received for the horses.

Rhyolite finally closed down altogether. The fine buildings began to crumble, sage brush grew back in the unused side streets and wind blown sand started effacing even the names on the markers in "boothill" graveyard. A fire destroyed most of the frame buildings and finally the only two structures to survive intact were the famous bottle house (built from thousands of glass bottles) and the old railroad station, which was taken over by Norman Westmoreland as a tourist attraction.

Charlie Walker moved to Stove Pipe Wells and began prospecting again. One day he was in Cottonwood canyon and spied an old wagon in the wash. Charlie remembered the tale of Jake Abrams' lost wagon and began to investigate. Cottonwood canyon was in line with the probable route the gamblers would have traveled to reach Owens Valley.

A cloudburst that fall broke the wagon up. Later, in 1944 Charlie went up and got most of the pieces and brought them down to the hotel. It was there that the final identification took

place. Dick Ayllvard who was a blacksmith in the country in 1906 looked the wreckage over and recognized his own work on the brake blocks. The mystery of the lost express wagon had been cleared up!

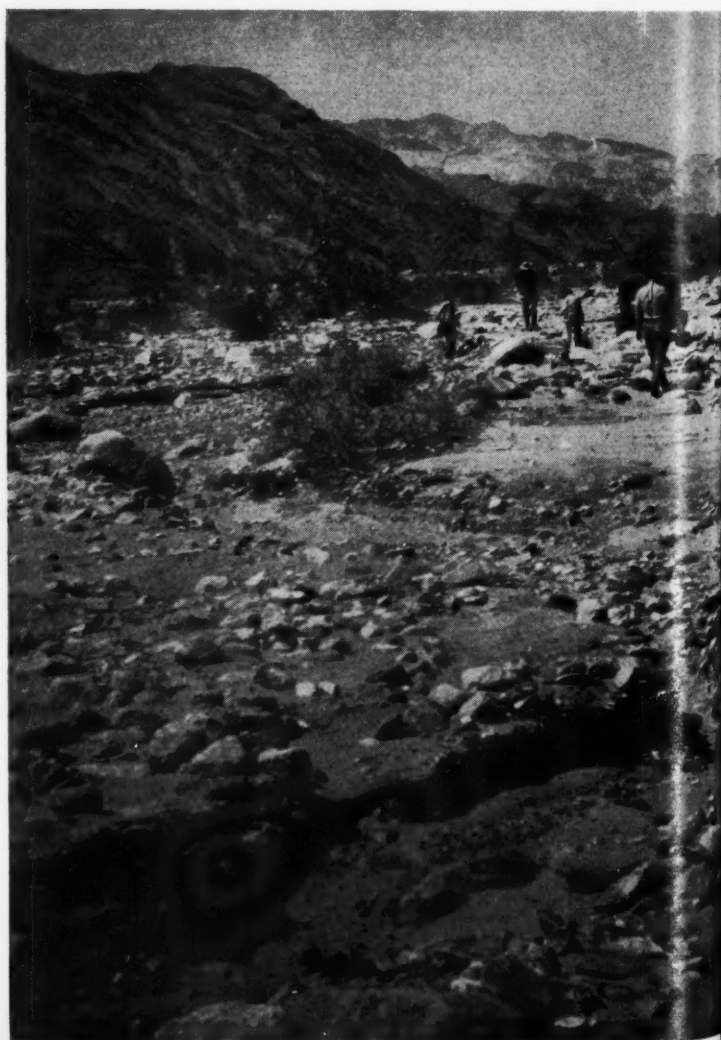
We decided that it would be interesting to go up Cottonwood canyon to the point where Charlie had found the wagon and look the country over. Charlie and a couple of the hotel guests agreed to go with us the next day. I asked if there were any rocks in the canyon that would be of interest. Charlie replied that there was nothing much except some black rocks with fossils in them but that there were some Indian writings in the mouth of the canyon.

I wanted to know more about the black rocks and he showed me some on the porch. They were boulders of black marble! Some of them contained ancient fossils in white and grey. Charlie explained that this was a very common sort of limestone around Stove Pipe Wells, and that it could also be found in great abundance in the canyon directly back of his place.

The next day we started out with two pick-up trucks loaded with cameras and lunch. It looked like an easy trip. Looking toward the mouth of the canyon, the gently sloping alluvial fan that led up to it looked in the morning light as smooth as velvet. Tourists who drive on the paved roads in Death Valley admire these great sweeping fans (said to be some of the largest in the world) and never realize that this apparent smoothness is just one of the many tricks of the desert. Actually these bajadas are strewn with boulders that range in size from a man's fist to a box car. The clear air makes the distant slopes look very close and the boulders appear to be fine gravel.

When we left the desert floor and started climbing we soon learned that the trip was to be no picnic. The road disappeared in the first few miles and we had nothing to guide us but the piles of rock erected here and there by Charlie. There would be no point in tallying exact mileages from the hotel to Cottonwood

The "road" up Cottonwood canyon was mostly a path of boulders—some of which had to be moved to get the car through.



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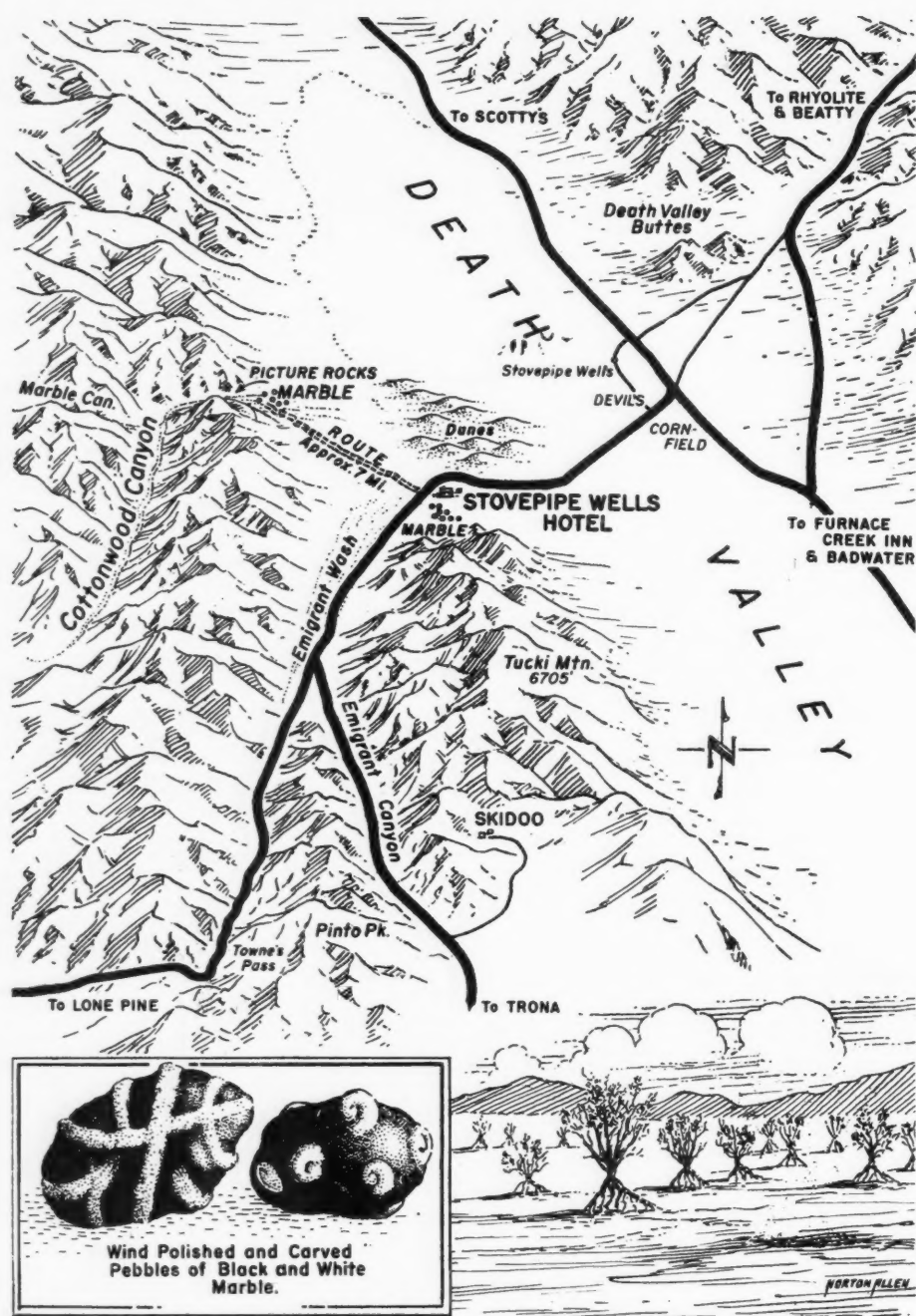
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*On the flats between the dunes are wind-polished pebbles. The salon print of this
Floyd Evans picture is titled "Cloud Flames."*



canyon, even if it were possible. Every cloudburst changes the whole aspect of the bajada. A set of figures would be useless the next season.

Even with the aid of markers and Charlie's memory, we were forced to do backtracking. By the time we were half way up the slope the rocks had doubled both in number and size. We were walking more than riding, getting out to roll away boulders that were too large even for the desert car. The mouth of the canyon looked about as far away from this point as it had at the start of the trip. It was late spring and the sun burned down unmercifully. The rocks became bigger and heavier. But we finally made it.

At the mouth of the canyon we stopped to inspect the Indian writings on the rocks. They were very crude and faint, evidently

made by early travelers on this trail. Charlie told us that some were supposed to be directions to the waterholes ahead, but it was hard, even with imagination, to see more in them than just crude scrawlings similar to those found on the margins of telephone books. In fact it is my personal theory that man's earliest writings were just that.

They are incised in the smooth water-polished faces of limestone of the canyon walls. This limestone is hard and fine grained enough to be classed as grey and black marble. The fainter and cruder marks are very high on the walls, well out of reach of the average man today, which would indicate that the canyon has eroded deeper since the time when Indians used the walls for note pads.

On up the canyon we stopped to eat

lunch where the cliffs widened out a bit and another branch wash united with the main one. There in the sand I found fragments of chalcedony roses and a piece of yellow agate indicating that marble is not the only stone to be found in the area. Both cars were boiling when we stopped, the party voted it would be best to postpone a complete exploration of the canyon to some later and cooler date.

Charlie told us that there actually were cottonwood trees growing around the springs about five miles farther up and that in winter the wash could be traveled readily with a desert car. I am convinced that such a trip would be well worth while but that it should be attempted only in the winter months with a rugged car and ample water and food and time.

The road out of the canyon was not nearly so hard as the ascent, but we were glad that we turned back when one of the cars developed a sort of mechanical asthma.

Rockhounds visiting the area will not have to go more than a half mile back of the hotel to find a variety of fossil marble that will saw and polish into book ends.

Some of it is on the private property of Stove Pipe Wells hotel, where there is no objection to its removal. Much more of it is in the Death Valley monument area surrounding the hotel site. The supply is unlimited, and one of the park rangers expressed the view that because of the widespread occurrence of this limestone, the removal of specimens by private collectors would not be objectionable. The character of this rock is such that it would have no attraction for ordinary gem settings. The sand dunes in this area are worth visiting not only for their scenic value but for the fact that there are flats of hardened mud between them strewn with wind polished pebbles. The wind has cut away the softer black marble and left white ridges and fossils that stand out in bold relief on their surface. I found one specimen in the dunes that looked like raised white Egyptian writings on a black background.

Once a person is in the area it is good to plan to spend several days for there are countless other attractions nearby. On the Beatty road just past the sand dunes is an area called "the devil's cornfield." Here the wind had eroded away the sand until all the bushes are standing on root stilts almost as high as their branches. They give the appearance of shocks of corn tied in the middle. The ghost town of Rhyolite is worth a visit as is the old Bullfrog mine described in a previous issue of Desert Magazine.

It's a great country with plenty of canyons and gem areas to be explored by the hardy. The highways have made it easier to get through the country in comfort but once off the highway, the desert has changed very little since the days when the gamblers stole Jake Abrams' team and wagon.

In their temporary "Refuge," while their Ghost Mountain home still remains part of a government bombing range, the Souths are getting acquainted with their animal neighbors—cottontails, ground squirrels and packrats, with temperaments more aggressive than those at Yaquitepec—as Victoria found out to her dismay.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

HERE still are a few blossoms left on the Palo Verde tree, over which the desert bees croon all day a dreamy lullaby; still a few fallen petals to fleck the warm shadow-fretted earth beneath it with glints of gold. One of the most graceful and beautiful trees of the desert, a Palo Verde is always a joy to look upon. Perhaps the Smoke tree is more mysterious in its phantom robes of haze and its foot-carpet of fallen indigo blossoms. But the graceful Palo Verde when in full bloom is a thing of glory.

Our own Palo Verde is a particularly graceful one. Standing in comradely fashion close by the corner of the house its branches in the forenoon cast just the right amount of sun-sprinkled shadow to make a perfect writing location. By night they lift a screen of delicate tracery through which, as we lie in our outdoor beds, we can watch the soft glow of the low-hung western stars, like the tiny crystal lamps of angels, hung there among the branches. As the long, slender leaves of the Palo Verde sway in pencillings of jet, the star-lamps among them flash and twinkle.

By morning and evening demure little cottontail rabbits come to feed close around our beds, and as we sit at breakfast under the big cottonwood tree there generally are four or five of them nibbling their own breakfast from a damp grass-covered patch not far from the table. Their interest in us is frank and friendly. Their big eyes follow our every move, full of a curiosity which has nothing of fear in it. And at almost any time of the day we can go out and find one or two of them contentedly dozing in the shadows of the catclaws beside the pathway.

Squirrels are here too. Not the soft-furred, bushy-tailed grey tree-flitters of the mountains but the hardy, white collared ground squirrels. The ground squirrel seems capable of existing anywhere. Though how he manages to survive in some sections of the desert is a mystery. It is reported that they go deep under ground and pass some of the hottest months in a state of suspended animation much akin to hibernation, but bob up again the minute weather or food conditions become the least bit favorable. Canny and foxy little rascals; expert and saucy and venturesome as bad boys, they will turn everything to their advantage. And they're as nimble as jungle monkeys. I have watched them daintily picking their way up the slender, thorn-spiked, swaying wands of blooming ocotillos. They go with extreme care, but with sure-footed certainty. When they have reached the very tip of a branch they will hitch themselves into as comfortable a position as they can and squat there, feasting upon the scarlet ocotillo flowers. A brightly colored lunch, but one not as fantastic as it might seem. Ocotillo buds and flowers formed a part of the diet of the desert Indians.



A few varieties and sizes of Yaquitepec footwear. No cash outlay, no ration stamps required. Just some time and work.

But the squirrel's resourcefulness touches its highest point in his conquest of the flowering mescal. The mescal, or desert agave, is tough to handle at any time. Its bristling, needle-pointed spines are ever ready to break off in a wound. But when the mescal sends up its lofty flower shoot it becomes a tougher nut to crack. All the plant's energies are bent to the purpose of protecting those precious buds and seed pods—the final desperately triumphal culmination of perhaps 20 long years of a grim fight for life in blistering desert heat and drought. In one last magnificent life-burst the embattled plant flings aloft its slender, towering flower-pole, smooth as glass, and defended at regular intervals with thin malignant leaves, each armed with a peculiarly keen, penetrating spike. Up and up. When the flowers finally break out in a golden fountain from the summit of this swaying, needle-defended flagpole—itself rising from the very center of a bristle of bayonets—one might feel reasonably satisfied that the plant had achieved its purpose—that its precious seed pods would HAVE to be let alone. The task of molesting them might well dismay any animal.

But it doesn't dismay the desert squirrel. The squirrel technique has long been perfected. It is simplicity itself—the little rodents simply jump. They amble along until they find a particularly fine mescal, whose towering shoot is well laden with bulging green seed pods. Then, judging their distance carefully, they make a bold leap, right over the summits of the bunched, bayonet base-leaves, and grab a smooth place in the central flower shoot with their claws. Then, carefully and steadily, avoiding each needle-armed leaf and digging their sharp claws into the glassy-smooth, but comparatively soft, open spaces of the flower shoot they go up—much like a South Sea Islander climbs a coconut tree. When they reach the summit they settle themselves comfortably in a crotch of the spreading pod stalks and go contentedly to feeding—dropping a rain of discarded fragments from their quickly moving little jaws.

Having finished his meal, the squirrel descends, picking his way down the tall pole head first with the same care and confidence as when he came up. When he gets to the right spot near the base of the shoot he makes another expert flying leap, away out over the lances of the base, and lands safely on some rock or clear patch of earth. Then he goes home to sleep. That is all there is to it. Perfectly simple.

In the dark mysterious corner by the north wall, where the old corrugated iron is piled, lives the Spotted Skunk. And a cute little fellow he is. We don't see a great deal of him because he is of retiring disposition and minds his own business. But occasionally when we need to move some old boxes or some of the iron sheets, there he is, usually curled up comfortably in a neat little hideout and eyeing us with an inquiring, "Now what's the meaning of all this disturbance?" expression. He does most of his rambling around by night. And in the starlit quiet we often hear the bump and thud of his busy little feet as he noses and

pokes and prowls about on his own business. Time was when we had the usual desert-dweller's dread of the Spotted Skunk, as a carrier of hydrophobia—an unpleasant habit of which more than one scientist has accused him. But we are not letting a little thing like that cause any misunderstanding between us and our little spotted brother of the night. He is a good friendly fellow.

Animals are like humans, even to the changes in their dispositions and activities which changed locations give. For instance packrats look much alike no matter where you may chance to run into them. But they have "national" or to be more exact, "locational" differences of temperament. Our Yaquitepec packrats were mild and steady-going, not given to temperamental outbursts or excesses. They "packed" and "appropriated" and "walked off" with things in moderation, it is true. But in a strictly respectable manner. They knew the courtesies, and never transgressed the bounds of etiquette.

Not so the packrats of our present abode. These packrats are progressive. They are afflicted with the same spirit which produces Booster clubs and schemes for embellishing Mudville with a five million dollar chromium-plated Town Hall. At Yaquitepec our rats dragged a few sticks across the roof at night, then went to the checker-players club or to the sewing circle. *These* rats rush madly back and forth the whole night through. They bang cans. They throw hunks of wood in and out of boxes. They charge, with hollow-sounding feet, across iron roofs. They lug nails—by pounds—from their receptacles, and drop them into the depths of empty honey cans . . . "Tunk!" and again "Tunk!"—all through the night. They carry in Palo Verde seeds and store them carefully—all nicely hulled—in pottery jugs. They carry away small tools and pencils. They carry off kindling. They even are guilty of storing up munitions of war. For I have

come across a nice cache composed of live cartridges of all calibers, from 30-30 down to .22 shorts.

Another ingenious rat party, working from aloft, carried trash and dumped it down a stovepipe which projected only a short distance above the roof, so much of it that they almost filled the six inch pipe from floor to summit. A circumstance which I did not discover until, needing a fire in that heater, I found the chimney plugged up—and had to disconnect the entire length of lofty smokestack to clean it.

There is one old fellow who lives in the outer porch where we keep the shovels and the tools. He was in residence when we came here. And though we had to disturb his home in order to accommodate some extra goods of our own, he very promptly rebuilt it with a grand collection of rat treasures. We respect his feelings. But he has no regard for ours. The other evening Victoria brought in several big armfuls of nice long dry cottonwood sticks for stove kindling. She set them down in a neat pile on the porch by the kitchen door. In the morning they had vanished. Summoned by Victoria's loud lamentations we hurried to investigate. Search brought the solution. Mr. Rat had them. He had lugged them all over to his nest behind the picks and shovels. The conical heap of his nest was neatly thatched with them. The white-barked sticks laid over it with painstaking care gave the nest the appearance of the dwelling of some African pigmy. We hadn't the heart to despoil the robber. We just let him keep them. Victoria trudged out and brought in some more for the stove.

So thanks to the activities of our numerous brothers of the wild, we do not lack for entertainment. Entertainment that is at least more full of thought-food than any provided by the average movie. Our days are full. And there always is a host of held over jobs waiting to absorb any spare moments from regular tasks. These held over jobs pile up and finally crowd in, in the order of their importance—until they no longer can be ignored.

We are faced now with the periodic task of bringing our footwear up to date. Materials will wear out. And little feet will grow. So once in a while all the sandals have to be "revamped"—replacements made, straps and cords renewed and new soles cut to take the place of those that have been outgrown. Usually everything is outgrown. It seldom or never is worn out, for foot protection is rarely need around home. We prefer bare feet.

But for those times, as on visits to town, when some sort of a shoe is desirable, we keep on hand sandals and other primitive styles of footwear. We have tried out a great number of designs. For it is not until you actually begin to handle the matter personally that you realize what a difficult thing it is to devise a satisfactory foot protector. One might say that it is an impossibility for man. And one returns again and again in admiration to the natural foot. You cannot improve upon it. You can "protect" it and "encase" it. But in so doing you always hamper it and injure it. The only way to secure foot health is to go without shoes entirely.

PRICE

*How hard and rugged were the lives
Of all the great and noble men!
He who sincerely upward strives,
And seeks ambitious heights to span,
Is bound to meet the difficult
To try his mettle. Thus alone
Can be the highest peaks assault.
The great things are ne'er lightly won.*

—Tanya South

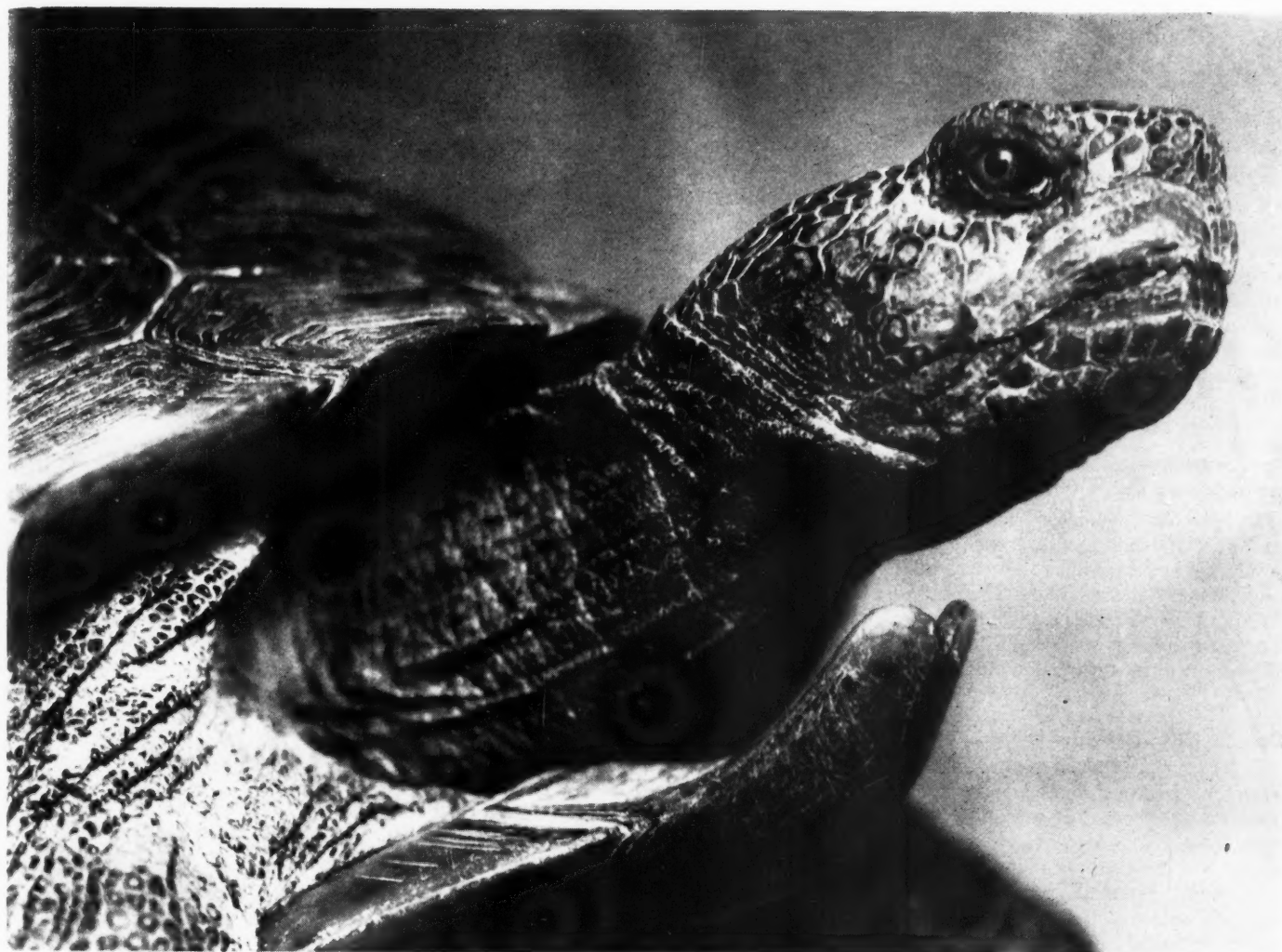


Capture the Rainbow

IN 1946

. . . take the thrilling trip on mule back down Rainbow Trail 'mid colorful scenes so vivid no artist could portray . . . to the most spectacular of all national monuments . . . RAINBOW BRIDGE. Rest at picturesque RAINBOW LODGE, backed by the breathtaking span of Navajo Mountain . . . where comfortable lodging, excellent food and hospitality are, as before, directed by Bill and Mrs. Wilson.

WRITE BILL WILSON, TONALEA, ARIZONA, FOR RATES AND A BROCHURE DESCRIBING "THE RAINBOW."



The Ways of a Desert Tortoise...

By RICHARD L. CASSELL

ALTHOUGH the desert tortoise, *Gopherus agassizi*, is a slow-moving creature and easily tamed, it represents a difficult photographic subject—or else the gods frown on me every time I undertake the task.

The sluggishness of this reptile is deceiving. Actually, I have found it hard to get them to hold a pose long enough for a satisfactory close-up shot. There is seldom if ever a motionless stance of long enough duration for a slow-timed click of the shutter. When the tortoise pauses in its plodding gait, it almost inevitably ducks its head into its shell, offering about as much photographic interest as a gourd.

The above portrait finally was achieved by mounting the placid jinx on the top of a fruit jar where his legs would dangle and fan the air while a reasonably interesting angle was obtained.

This hard-shelled introvert of the reptile kingdom makes up in relentless perseverance what he lacks in speed. Or perhaps it is just plain stupidity. The tortoise seldom retraces its steps to go around an obstacle. Instead he will struggle and ram against interfering obstacles in a futile effort to push on. This "tank complex" sometimes results in dire disaster—the tragedy of being over-turned. Turned over on its back, the unfortunate

creature will struggle endlessly until death comes from starvation or heat prostration from the direct rays of the sun. There are exceptions to this rule, however. In rugged terrain it may gain enough leverage against rocks to engage its powerful legs and thus regain its right-side-up posture.

The tortoise is well aware of the vulnerability of its kind, as is disclosed when two males engage in battle for the attention of a female. The horn-like protuberance extending from the front of the lower shell is used for a battering ram. The males will draw in their heads and charge each other clumsily and without doing much damage—until one of them succeeds in turning the other over on its back. That ends the battle.

While this appears a gruesome manner of rubbing out a rival, the tortoise merely is using the only offensive tactic he knows, and for which he is equipped. The battle between males for the female of the species has become somewhat more refined in the higher levels of life—but it is a primitive instinct that is present in one form or another in all animal species, including man.

While the desert tortoise makes an interesting pet, it is protected by law in most of the western desert areas against removal from its native habitat.

Mines and Mining . .

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Production of synthetic organic chemicals is to be started in the Basic Magnesium plant here January 1 under a long-term lease from RFC which holds the property for the federal government. The new operators are the Hardesty Chemical company and Ammerco Co., the latter being the former American Chemical company. The Stauffer Chemical company will continue to produce chlorine at the plant, and will supply raw materials for the new operators.

Washington, D. C. . . .

In letters to President Truman and the war, navy and interior departments, Senator Curran of Nevada has asked that public lands taken over for target range purposes during the war be released from their wartime restrictions as soon as possible so that mining activities can be resumed in these areas.

Carson City, Nevada . . .

Emergency suspension of assessment work on mining claims, granted for the duration of the war, is scheduled to end next July 1. In order to give miners an added year of exemption in their assessment work, Senator E. P. Carville of Nevada has introduced a bill extending the waiver to July 1, 1947. Once the suspension is lifted the holders of claims will be required to spend \$100 annually on each claim.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Over a million tons of perlite are available in claims located near this camp by Fred Gilbert, it is stated. Gilbert recently showed the property to the representative of a San Francisco concern which is interested in acquiring the rock. The deposit comprises two thick blankets, one of grey and one of black perlite, the latter being a black obsidian of little value. Twenty uses have been found for the grey perlite, the main one being for insulation purposes.

Bonanza, Utah . . .

Following an underground explosion at 9:05 p.m. October 9, fire spread to the 14 shafts where the Barber company is mining gilsonite. Flames belching from the shafts for a time threatened to destroy the entire camp. It was nearly two weeks before the fire was completely under control. As the company is operating only a day shift there were no casualties.

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

H. L. Hazen, president and manager of the operating company, has announced that mining will be underway at the Standard gold mine by April 1. New machinery, including a crushing plant with 150-tons an hour capacity is being installed. Initial work will be on the 500,000 tons of ore now blocked out for open pit mining. Stripping operations call for the removal of 60,000 yards of over-burden.

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

Four western senators, Murray of Montana, Taylor of Idaho, and McFarland and Hayden of Arizona, have stated they will introduce a bill to reimburse gold miners the cost of restoring their claims to a workable condition after the enforced close-down of the war period, and also the maintenance losses during the war. All gold mining was stopped by Order L-208 October 8, 1942, and the depreciation of the property during the inactive period has made it difficult for many small owners to resume work, it was stated by sponsors of the bill.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

A deposit of banded rhyolite, widely known among rock collectors as Nevada Wonder rock, recently has been sold by Charles Joseph, Frank Burnham and Louis Crane to Carroll L. Perkins of Tacoma, Washington, for a reported \$15,000. The property is 25 miles east of Tonopah. Perkins expects to mine this non-metallic rock for ornamental building and semi-gem rock purposes. It takes a beautiful polish and is in wide demand among lapidaries for making ink stands, lampstands, bookends, and similar items.

Mines and Miners . . .

Nearly 90 years of age, H. G. Clinton, one of the best known pioneers in western mining, died at the Nye General hospital in Nevada in October. His mineral collection of over 100,000 specimens was left to his daughter, Inez Lewis, of Manhattan, Nevada.

Late in September the OPA raised the price of imported silver from 45 cents to 71.111 per fine ounce, the same as domestic silver.

George Bright reports the discovery of a 5-foot silver-lead ledge running 100 ounces to the ton at his Reward mine southeast of Independence, California.

Efforts are being made by Nevada congressional representatives to prevent the closing of the Bureau of Mines laboratories in Boulder City which have been operating as a wartime project.

Clyde Hall believes that the Mecca mud-hills area in Coachella valley, California, will yield gallium in quantities to justify recovery.

The bureau of reclamation plans to lease 15,000 acres near Battle Mountain, Nevada, for oil and gas exploration.

DR. HERBERT EUGENE BOLTON'S . . .

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Here is the complete story of the opening of the land routes to California—the work of Dr. Bolton's 20 years of research in connection with the founding of California's first colony. Dr. Bolton followed the Anza trails himself and identified nearly every camp and waterhole from Tubac to Monterey.

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DESERT CRAFTS SHOP

El Centro, California

LETTERS...

In Memory of John Wetherill . . .

Altadena, California

Dear R. H.:

Some weeks ago Jimmy Swinnerton came back from the Indian country and told us that the grave of John Wetherill at Kayenta was more or less neglected.

I have been in touch with Dr. Harold S. Colton at the Museum of Northern Arizona and he has agreed to set up the John Wetherill Fund to which money can be sent to erect a suitable marker, etc. over the grave. Dr. Colton has suggested that a committee be appointed a bit later, when we see how much money is available, to determine the expenditure of the fund.

Dr. Colton is going to contact some of John's friends in the east, and I am wondering if you would care to mention the plan in Desert Magazine.

HARRY C. JAMES

To friends of John Wetherill: Desert Magazine gives wholehearted endorsement to the suggestion of a suitable memorial marker for the grave of John Wetherill. Those who want to share in this tribute to the memory of one of the Southwest's finest characters should send their contributions to Dr. Harold S. Colton, c/o Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, Arizona.

—R. H.

Protection for Indian Crafts . . .

Falmouth, Massachusetts

Dear Sir:

I would like to add a few words of approval to the sentiments of both Dorothy W. Allen and Randall Henderson as regards the manufacture of Indian style jewelry on a factory basis.

The commercial manufacture of this jewelry has gotten to the point where it outdoes in volume any efforts the Indians can possibly make. To an amateur like myself it is very difficult to tell the difference between factory pieces and those made by hand. There is no difference in price and consequently both the Indians and the public become the losers.

It seems to me there are several ways around this problem. Mrs. Allen suggests an excellent method in proposing that after the best and most beautiful designs are selected for reproduction, both credit and royalty should be given the craftsman, whether he actually makes the jewelry himself or it is turned out by machine in a factory.

Another system would be to have legislation passed to the effect that all commercially designed and manufactured jewelry be so marked when put on sale. This is a

system followed in other fields of silver manufacture and I see no reason why it should not be applied here.

I am constantly amazed at the prices asked for turquoise and silver jewelry by nearly all dealers. It is out of proportion to the supply, and to the demand for it—both are large at the present time. The manufacturers by glutting the market with inferior work at inflated prices eventually will ruin the business for the Indians. If I could be certain that when I purchased turquoise it was made by Indian craftsmen, I would be more willing to pay the high prices for it.

One other thing. I am trying to become a rockhound, but I wish some of your advertisers would be more specific as to just what their stones are like, how much they weigh, etc.

LT. DONALD J. ZINN

Lieut. Zinn: The Indian Service at one time set up a program for stamping the Indian handicraft silver as evidence of its genuineness. However, the program did not work out, due mainly to the red tape involved in having the stamping done. I am informed that a new and more practicable plan is now being formulated and will be made effective before long.—R.H.

It's the Arizona Climate . . .

Glendale, Arizona

Dear Friends:

In the letter of G. M. Goodell, October 1945 D. M. referring to a catsclaw some 40 feet high. Well, down in Sonora, Mexico, I saw a few catsclaw trees about 30 feet high, and some were 2 feet in diameter. In fact I had some cut and used for mining timbers. The natives call them Tesota, and make utensils out of them, such as troughs and goldpans.

It is generally accepted that the greasewood bush doesn't grow any higher than 5 or 6 feet. Well, I have one growing at my house 16 feet high. Some Bush!

FRED STEIN

From the Fruit of the Cactus . . .

Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

Am in the process of making some red glue which Jerry Laudermilk described as "miel de tuna" in the last issue of Desert Magazine. There are several factors the author did not mention, such as sliminess, odor, and the ease with which it boils all over the stove and even the floor. I predict it will taste like spoiled rhubarb.

MABEL STERNS

Gimme a Good Rocking Chair . . .

Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

I often wonder if all the people who have desertitis are in a delirium. Do they have delusions or hallucinations. Is it a mania, or are they just teched in the haid?

Listening to their swan song for ages about the hospitality, the charm, the fascination, the rapture, and the ecstasy of the desert, I thought that as old age was slowly creeping up on me I had better load up the old jalopy and try to recapture some of these thrills that had passed me by.

Was the hospitality of the desert extended to me? Yea, Bo!

I no sooner left the highway than one of the sharp rocks in the road flattened out a tire so that I would tarry awhile. The wind to extend its hospitality leveled out a sand trap so that it appeared smooth and hard, with the result that I did tarry and donate a few drops of perspiration to the desert air in my efforts to free the car. The rain to extend its greetings, washed out the road necessitating a detour over the desert itself.

As it appeared I was a rather persistent cuss and would not stop for any length of time, the greasewood decided to take a hand and I believe, deliberately hid a yucca plant so that as I drove over one shrub the thorns of the other pierced a tire.

Yea, Gadzooks! Would these efforts to extend hospitality never cease?

After repairing one tire and getting back on the road I had not progressed far until I came to a dry wash with one bank washed away, necessitating another donation of perspiration so that I could get the car up on the road.

As darkness was approaching, I made a pot of coffee and ate a few cookies, and with a gentle breeze blowing, I turned in for the night. The gentle breeze soon became a small tornado and then the rain came down, not gently, but in a deluge.

Hospitality, charm, fascination, rapture, and ecstasy! If this was the way they dish it out on the desert, then deliver me.

Even the shrubs are so pleased with your presence that the darn cactus appears to jump at you. And the catsclaw, they require the closest of watching when you try to pass them because they will make every effort to embrace you and they are just as gentle as their name implies.

In the morning, being greeted with another flat tire and having dirt on my hands, sweat, not perspiration, on my brow, and murder in my heart, I decided that the marrow in my bones could congeal before I would again look for hospitality, charm, fascination, rapture, and ecstasy in the desert.

For bigger and better old rocking chairs,

I. AMA TENDERFOOT

Rattlesnakes of the Hopi Mesa Country . . .

San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In its accounts of the customs of the Indians of the Southwest the Desert Magazine's reputation for accuracy has been so consistently maintained that I think it worth while to comment on the article by Dama Langley on the Hopi Snake Dance in the September issue. The rattlesnakes mentioned in this article as being used by the Hopis are the bleached rattler, Mojave diamondback, western diamondback, and, especially, the sidewinder. Considerable stress is placed upon the danger to the Hopis from the bite of the latter.

As a matter of fact, none of these species of rattlesnakes is used by the Hopis for the reason that they do not occur in northeastern Arizona. To secure any of them the Indians would have to travel to western or southern Arizona where these species occur, whereas it is their practice to stage their ceremonial snake hunts (a part of the ceremony not witnessed by the public) in the vicinity of their villages. The rattlesnakes of the Hopi region are prairie rattlers (larger and greenish) and Arizona prairie rattlers (smaller and reddish), or intergrades between them. These two are sub-species of the same species and interbreed where their ranges are contiguous, which is a short distance to the north and east of the Hopi villages.

The photo on page 7 is not that of a sidewinder as labeled, but is probably a western diamond, although one cannot be sure since the pattern is rather indistinct.

It is to be regretted that there is so much misunderstanding with regard to the sidewinder or horned rattlesnake, one of the most distinctive of the animals found in the Mojave, Colorado, and Sonoran deserts. Gradually the custom has become widespread of calling any young or small rattler a sidewinder, so that recently I have heard inaccurate reports of sidewinders in Washington, New Mexico, and Colorado, far beyond the limits of the deserts to which the true sidewinder is restricted. And only the real sidewinder has the peculiar method of progression which warrants the name.

Mrs. Langley's article also brings up the matter of the snake-bite treatment used by the Hopis, about which other views might be expressed.

LAURENCE M. KLAUBER

From an Old-Timer . . .

Banning, California

My dear Mr. Henderson:

I restrained my inclination to grab my old—and when I write "old," I mean OLD, as it went through the San Francisco earthquake—typewriter and say my say on the subject of "Desert Rats," of which

the man from Wilmar wrote in your October issue.

I would be proud of the appellation of Desert Rat. They are the men, almost forgotten, who literally measured the so-called "desert wastes foot by foot," as they trudged behind their four footed companions, looking for the Golconda that might be just around the next bend in the trail, up the next canyon, at the base of a pinnacle, its top just showing above the far horizon, or by following up the next wash they might see gold shining in the sands over which they trod. Such things have happened.

Why not refer to the new breed that ride in steel and chromium vehicles, with cushions to soften the vibration of the multi-horsepowered car as "Golcondites" and leave the nearly vanished old prospector

to bear his honored name until he has laid his old prospecting pick away forever, and we have crossed the pick and shovel on the mound of earth that covers him to mark the last resting place of a man.

If I had written when I first read the letter, I might have ventured to be a bit sarcastic and not used the good English that I have tried so hard to write now.

JIM PIERCE

Thumbs Down on "Desert Dab" . . .

Fultonville, New York

Dear Sir:

I had a good laugh over the "Desert Dab." Can you imagine a Desert Rat relishing being called a "Dab?" I can hear a snort of disgust.

MRS. ANNA C. BOSTWICK

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley . . .



The wholesale grocery salesman on his annual trip to Inferno to call on the storekeeper, was sitting under the lean-to porch mopping the perspiration that trickled down his face.

"I don't see how you people stand it here," he exclaimed. "I'd just as soon live in hell."

Hard Rock Shorty, dozing on the other end of the bench, never looked up.

"Surely ain't no place for a white man," the salesman went on. "Why I heard that some days the blacksmith just closes down his forge and sticks his horseshoes out in the sun to get 'em redhot for bendin'."

Obviously, the tenderfoot was trying to get a rise out of Shorty. He went on talking about nails that melt and run down the side of the house, boiler plate that gets so hot it can be spread like cheese, and cookstoves that after setting out in the sun awhile can be folded up and put in a suitcase.

But the salesman went too far. He began making cracks about the desert rats who "infested this blankety-blank country."

That was too much. Shorty straightened up, lighted his corncob pipe, and then turned and faced the drummer.

"If you dudes don't like it out here, why ain't yu stayin' in yer own diggins," he said. "We-all like this country. Why it's the best climate on

earth. Take ol' Montaner Pete Williams, fer n'instance, workin' his silver claim up on Eight Ball crick.

"Thirty years ago, Pete made a big strike on that claim o' his'n. He was takin' silver ore out o' that mine fastern' the mint could make it into dollars. The pay streak finally ran out, but Pete was rich, and he was gettin' pretty old. He said he was goin' home to Montaner an' just sort loaf around.

"An' that's what he did. But the cold winters up there got 'im down, that an' nothin' to do. He only lasted two years, but before he went over the hill, he made one request. He wanted to be buried up on the ridge back o' his mine.

"Well, they held the funeral, and put what was left o' Pete in a box and shipped him back to Death Valley. Some of us met the train over at the junction. We wanted to give ol' Pete a decent burial. A couple o' the boys picked up the box and started takin' it to the wagon we had rigged up for transportin' the remains. But one o' the pall-bearers stubbed his toe and the box slipped outa their hands.

"When it hit the platform the thing busted open. The instant a whiff o' that desert air hit Pete, he straightened up, kicked the lid off'n that box, and streaked off across the hills hell bent fer the old mine. Three days later we found Pete over there sharpenin' his drill bits gittin' ready to tackle that ledge again."

HERE AND THERE...on the Desert

ARIZONA

Champion Vegetable Crop . . .

PHOENIX — An all-time record was chalked up by Arizona vegetable growers, with 32,500 acres planted for fall harvest, according to a survey by J. M. Foote, state supervisor of vegetable and fruit inspection. Lettuce leads the list, with a total of 22,615 acres, 15,180 acres in Salt River valley, 6900 acres at Yuma, 400 acres in the Tucson district and 135 acres at Eloy. Next, in order, are carrots, cauliflower, cabbage; celery and broccoli. Shipments were to start about November 15.

Arizona Trout Being "Gassed" . . .

PHOENIX — To save trout from being "gassed" Arizona game and fish commission has moved to have height of Big Lake dam increased 10 feet. It is asserted that weeds grow so near the surface in the present shallow water that the lake freezes to a depth of three to four feet, rotting the weeds which throw off gasses that kill the fish. The commission said the kill was so great last year that trout almost disappeared from the lake.

Queen of Castle Dome Dies . . .

YUMA — Death came October 10 to Mrs. Eliza DeLuce, 87, nationally known as Queen of Castle Dome (See DM, October 1944) and owner of a lead mine in the Castle Dome mountains near here. She and her husband William DeLuce came to this area in 1896, camping for a time on the banks of the Colorado river. Two years later they bought the Castle Dome mine and settled there. After the mine shut down at the end of World War I, Mrs. DeLuce remained, while the miners drifted away, still confident the trucks would roll again. That day arrived with the beginning of World War II when George and Kenneth Holmes leased the mine and hauled out millions of pounds of lead from five shafts, to become the fifth largest producer of lead in Arizona. She is survived by her son Robert DeLuce, bishop of the Church of the Dawn in Los Angeles; a daughter Mrs. D. George Abt, a high school teacher in San Francisco; a granddaughter Iris DeLuce, noted ballet dancer, and a grandson, Daniel DeLuce, Associated Press war correspondent. She was born December 25, 1858, at Lehigh, Utah.

. . .

Included in the \$125,000,000 Veterans Administration program announced in October by Gen. Omar N. Bradley, veterans administrator, is a 200 bed general medical and surgical hospital costing approximately \$225,000 for Phoenix.

New Buffalo Herd Started . . .

FLAGSTAFF — A herd of about 30 buffalo have been placed on Raymond Antelope Refuge 40 miles southeast of here. They were brought by truck from Cache, Oklahoma, and from the House Rock Valley herd of Arizona. The new herd will be built up to as great a size as the refuge will accommodate, according to plans of Arizona game and fish commission.

. . .

CALIFORNIA

Irrigation District Expands . . .

BLYTHE — Action was taken in October by Palo Verde irrigation district board to accept approximately 1000 acres of new land outside the levee and on Palo Verde mesa, for inclusion in district boundaries, bringing total irrigation district area to more than 98,000 acres. These annexations will extend district boundaries to the Colorado river from the Blythe-Ehrenberg bridge to the Imperial county line. If other inclusion petitions now in preparation are accepted, district area will run north as far as the Intake, bringing total acreage to 100,000 acres.

Desert Lodge RANCHO BORREGO



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Write

NOEL and RUTH CRICKMER
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The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—
Actually about one-half cent per thousand readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

REAL ESTATE BROKER: Experienced; Gentle; age 45; married man; desires position of responsibility where tact, aggressiveness and energy will be compensated. Versatile and capable of organizing, promoting and managing. Salary, commission or ? Will consider Real Estate or other business in any location. Address Box GG, Desert Magazine.

AMATEUR SCULPTORS: Alabaster nodules available. One pound to ten pounds. Few ten to 25 pounds, 35c pound postpaid in USA. Extra choice pink variety 50c pound. Description of simple methods of working this material included. R. H. McKay, Ft. Wingate, N. M.

DESERTATIONS: Wanted t' tell you about Cousin Cindy, who wuz so buck-toothed she c'uld eat corn off the cob threw a knothole and sound like a typewriter, but that photographer at the DesArt Shop says to remind you of them there swellegant enlargements they kin make offen yer kodak nejatives at 3 fer a buck, size 5x7, er 3 fer two bucks, size 8x10; slick er dull, ready fer framing er any other use. Also, too, they restore old tray-sured picturgraphs, even busted ones, at reasonable prices—but maybe y'ud better write 'em about that. Azzever yourn, Art of the Desert, DesArt Shop, 329 College, Santa Fe, N. M.

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REAL ESTATE

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EL CENTRO — — — CALIFORNIA

Scientists "Hole-In" . . .

INDIO — A group of scientists announced in October they would remain snowbound this winter atop 11,485-foot Mount San Gorgonio to study possible nation-wide wireless television relays. The engineers, of Raytheon Manufacturing company of Waltham, Massachusetts, have been building housing and radio structures. Similar tests have or will be made on four other peaks in California, Washington and Oregon.

Lives Lost in Storm . . .

TRONA — Fury of a desert storm brought death and destruction to Inyo-kern-Brown-Independence area during the weekend cloudbursts in October. At least nine persons were reported killed; highways, utility lines and Los Angeles aqueduct were badly damaged. Jack Sweet, 82, one of the earliest miners in the Rand district, and his neighbor Margaret "Ma" Hewitt, 64, were trapped in a cabin in Jack Sweet canyon and carried to their deaths by a wall of roaring water, their bodies being recovered more than five miles from the cabin site. In Red Rock canyon, four-year-old Thelma Coffman of Coats, Kansas, was swept to her death when her parents' car was washed off the road. At Keene where 20 persons lost their lives in a flood in 1932, a river of mud, water and boulders claimed the lives of three men when the cafe in which they were seated was smashed and carried away by the torrent. Frank and Jeffrey Thompson, brothers enroute to their Missouri home after army discharges, died in the flood as did Deputy Sheriff Howard Knott, 55, who aided in rescuing wives of the brothers. Bodies of five deer hunters several days later were discovered in a car buried in Sand Canyon wash.

Ramona Pageant Plans Underway

HEMET — Ramona Pageant association directors have chosen Mrs. Lydia Cage Yost as executive secretary for the 1946 season of the outdoor play. Preliminary work on the production will be well underway by January 1, according to board president Edward Poorman.

Village Publicist Dies . . .

PALM SPRINGS — Walter Kofeldt, former executive secretary of chamber of commerce, apartment house owner and enthusiastic publicist for the Village, died October 13 in a Hollywood hospital. He represented the motion picture industry in Europe for many years. He was with Pathe, Cecil de Mille and many other Hollywood firms overseas before the war.

Citizens of Barstow in October were signing a petition to incorporate the town. First signer was Charles E. Williams, founder of Barstow (see DM Mar. '43).

THE DESERT MAGAZINE

DeWitt V. Hutchins of Mission Inn, Riverside, was elected president of California State Hotel association when that group held its 34th annual convention in Riverside late in October. More than 500 delegates from western states, from New York, Chicago and other eastern cities attended.

Frank H. Bagley, pioneer business man of Twentynine Palms, was the unanimous choice for president of the local chamber of commerce in October. O. H. Miller was reappointed secretary.

NEVADA

Nevada Plans Tahoe Beach . . .

RENO — Plans for making Nevada beach, just south of Elko on Lake Tahoe, "one of the finest public picnic and camping areas in the West" were being prepared in October. Plans call for facilities to accommodate at least 1000 persons at a time and include water system, picnic tables, stoves, sanitary facilities, group picnic areas, an amphitheater for organizations to use and a boat dock.

Oregon Antelope Transplanted . . .

LAS VEGAS—Six antelope fawns have been brought to southern Nevada to start a herd in the wildlife refuge, according to Frank Groves, head of the desert game refuge here. They were brought from their native home in Hart Mountain national wildlife refuge at Lakeview, Oregon, in a pick-up truck and were reported as seeming to enjoy the attention they are getting on the Corn Creek ranch where they are becoming acclimated before their release on the range.

Alloys Research Continues . . .

RENO—Despite government closure of Basic Magnesium Incorporated, research into weathering of magnesium alloys will continue at University of Nevada chemistry department, Dr. George Sears, department head announced in October. Experimentation has been underway for some time to determine relative quality of protective coatings used on magnesium by various companies, as the metal when subjected to humidity corrodes rapidly. Results of the project carried on by Sears and Dr. Loring Williams will be sent to the companies which submitted samples for testing.

Nevadans Plant Trees . . .

WINNEMUCCA—More than 10,000 small forest trees were planted on farms and ranches of Nevada in 1945, for wind-break, shelterbelt and woodlot purposes. They were raised in Utah and obtained at low cost through University of Nevada agricultural extension service. Most popular were Siberian elm and Russian olive. Ponderosa pine and blue spruce were favorite evergreens.

Indians-Turned-Cattlemen . . .

REESE RIVER RESERVATION — When the Yomba Cattlemen's association on October 5 sold 236 steers and 28 cows for a total of \$23,741.91, they demonstrated the success of a livestock program started in 1937. Shoshone Indians on this reservation, located 120 miles southeast of Fallon and 50 miles south of Austin, were assigned an average of 50 acres of meadow land to a family and additional small acreages of grain or alfalfa land; they use Toiyabe national forest for summer range. Beginning in 1937 the former Bell, Dieringer, Worthington and Bowler ranches were purchased for their use. In 1939 the tribe was organized, with its own charter and constitution. A program of good livestock breeding was initiated by the tribe, with aid of Carson Indian agency extension service.

NEW MEXICO

For the Boy in Trouble . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Boys Ranch corporation, organized several months ago by New Mexico business and professional men "to give the boy in trouble a helping hand," recently acquired a 2000-acre tract in northern Socorro county on the east bank of the Rio Grande, just north of Highway 60. It includes 800 acres farm land and 1200 acres range land. Money will be raised by subscription to build a residence, farm buildings and training units where vocational and agricultural education will be available, and for purchase of livestock. The "Flying BR" has been registered with the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary board as the ranch's own brand.

Apaches Sell Lambs, Cattle . . .

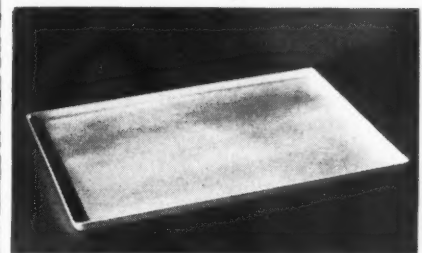
DULCE—Through their tribal cooperative store, Apache Indians of Jicarilla reservation the end of October sold 9500 lambs, bringing a price of 12¾ compared with 11½ cents a pound last year. In addition, 683 ewes were brought in for sale and 2000-3000 rambouillet grade and registered breeding stock were sold to returned Indian soldiers. About 500 steers were expected to be ready for sale November 2. A large proportion of the reservation's 800 Indians took part in delivery of the lambs, driving them from the summer mountain pastures.

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37th season under original ownership and management of Nellie N. Coffman, Earl Coffman and George Roberson



PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.

New Mexico state fair was such a success this year that both attendance and exhibitions have outgrown the present plant, Leon H. Harms, secretary-manager, announced in October.

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Bowling,
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SHOES**

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Irrigated Land Available . . .

TUCUMCARI—An estimated 20,000 acres in Tucumcari irrigation project remain to be sold to prospective settlers, it was revealed by directors of the project following announcement by Bureau of Reclamation that water would be turned into the first unit some time in October. Nearly all the 45,000 acres in the project is in private ownership. Large tracts are being sold in small units however to comply with the 160-acre ownership limitation of the Federal Reclamation law. For those interested in acreage available, a list of appraisals can be inspected at the bureau's offices in Tucumcari. This \$5,655,000 project, started in 1940 to serve lands of the Arch Hurley Conservancy district, was suspended in 1942 because of war conditions and resumed in 1944.

New Atom Bomb Chief . . .

LOS ALAMOS—Dr. Norris E. Bradbury, former Stanford University physics professor, in October took over direction of the atomic bomb project laboratory here, succeeding Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, who had directed the laboratory since its inception. Dr. Oppenheimer planned to return to California Institute of Technology but will remain as consultant to the laboratory and to Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, officer in charge of the entire project.

He'd Move Landmarks . . .

SANTA FE—Visitors to New Mexico are going to be put right on proper locations of the state's landmarks if Cleve Hallenbeck of Roswell has a hand in it. Writing in New Mexico Magazine, he urges that the old Camino Real be correctly marked. He points out that Valverde battlefield monument now is seven miles out of place and on the wrong side of the river, and that Albuquerque's "Madonna of the Trail" monument is a mile east of where the trail passed.

New Honor to Navajo Headman . . .

GALLUP—Henry Chee Dodge, chairman of the Navajo tribal council, was honored with the 1945 Indian Achievement Medal, sponsored by Indian Council Fire of Chicago in observance of American Indian Day in Illinois.



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From an exchange agreement with the California Electric Power Company, made at the time the Imperial and Coa-

chella Valley properties of that company were purchased by the District.

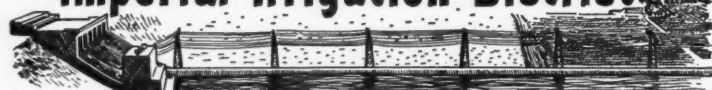
From these sources power flows into miles of lines, through scores of substations and transformers, into homes and offices and factories.

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UTAH

Utah's Bees Busy . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Utah bees finished a busy summer, producing twice as much honey as the previous year, according to the state department of agriculture in October. State-wide production this year was 3,199,000 pounds, valued at an estimated \$463,855.

Lots of Nuts—Tough Winter . . .

EUREKA—It's going to be a tough winter this year, with plenty of snow and low temperatures, according to the Indian weather prophets who yearly journey to the Tintic district to gather pine nuts. When the Indians of southwestern Utah find the nuts plentiful, a long cold winter with heavy snowfall is predicted. This year the nuts were more plentiful and larger than usual.

Even a Buffalo Robe! . . .

OGDEN—Heaviest sale of deer hides in local history was underway the end of October. Purchase of 400 skins was reported by one dealer who expected to take in 1500 before the season closed November 1. J. Kraines, in business here for 41 years, reported that coyote skins are not as plentiful as formerly, but they come in occasionally, as do mountain lion, bear, fox and timber wolf. He also has one buffalo hide.

Mormon President Sustained . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—George Albert Smith, successor to the late Heber J. Grant, was sustained as president, prophet seer and revelator of the Latter Day Saints (Mormon) Church at the church's 116th semi-annual conference when 10,000 members jammed their historic tabernacle here October 5. During the course of the assembly, Joseph F. Smith, patriarch to the church, said, "We must do more than love our brethren. We must love our enemies. In a world seething with hatred, a world calling for harsh government of vanquished people, I hope that Latter Day Saints will remember the commandment to love your enemies."

Seek More Land for Cedar Breaks National Monument . . .

PAROWAN — National park service has taken steps to acquire title to four parcels of privately owned land, comprising about 120 acres, located within boundaries of Cedar Breaks national monument. Such acquisition would clear final obstacles to construction of an oil mulch scenic highway around the rim of Cedar Breaks and extending of the monument a distance of about eight miles. Survey for the project has been completed and construction would begin early in 1946, said Superintendent Smith. He said also the park service was considering sponsoring construction of an \$80,000 hotel at the highest point on the rim of Cedar Breaks.

Vitamins with Vim 'n Vigor . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Utah consumers not only are assured that their footstuffs and beverages are free from filth, insects and toxic preservatives, but now they will be guaranteed that vitamin concentrate capsules and vitamin enriched food are as represented. Already equipped to analyze products from "soup to nuts," the state chemist's laboratory now has received \$2000 worth of new equipment to check on vitamin control. Under direction of M. Elmer Christensen, state chemist, the laboratory has had its problems greatly increased by war-born substitutes, "over night" food producers and the practice of adulterating meat. Assistant State Chemist Farrin Mangelson is in charge of the new department.

Postage Stamp Contest . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Final approval of a Utah Centennial postage stamp, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the settlement of Utah, has been given by the federal government, Gus P. Backman, director of the Centennial, announced in October. The stamp will be ready for printing and distribution in 1947. While postoffice department reserves the right to create the design for the stamp, it wants suggestions and designs from Utah; therefore, Mr. Backman has urged active competition in the contest to determine the best design. Utah Covered Wagon Days, Inc., which for years has promoted Pioneer Day, is offering three war bond prizes for winners of the contest, which is open until January 1, 1946. All suggestions should be submitted to the Utah Centennial Commission, Box 329, Salt Lake City 8, Utah.

A WESTERN THRILL

"Courage," a remarkable oil painting 20x60 feet, the Covered Wagon Train crossing the desert in '68. Over a year in painting. On display (free) at Knott's Berry Place where the Boysenberry was introduced to the world and famous for fried chicken dinners with luscious Boysenberry pie.

You'll want (1) A 4-color picture of this huge painting suitable for framing. (2) A 36-page handsomely illustrated souvenir, pictures and original drawings, of Ghost Town Village and story of this roadside stand which grew to a \$600,000 annual business. (3) One year's subscription (6 numbers) to our illustrated bi-monthly magazine of the West. True tales of the days of gold, achievements of westerners today and courageous thoughts for days to come. Mention this paper and enclose one dollar for all three and get authentic western facts. Postpaid.

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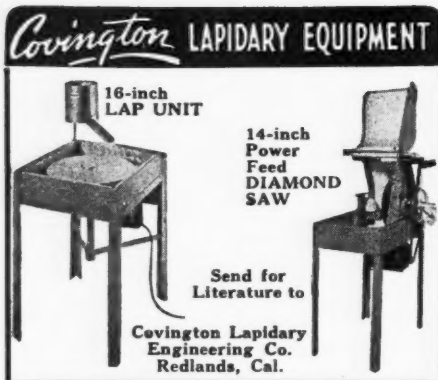
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1 1/2 inch.....	\$3.50	1 1/4 inch.....	\$3.00
1 inch.....	2.50	7/8 inch.....	2.00

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Copies of the full report, "Fluorescence Test for Uranium," are available from the Bureau of Mines, Office of Mineral Reports, Washington, D. C.

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and polishing equipment. Leland Quick, who conducts this department, is former president of Los Angeles Lapidary society. He will be glad to answer questions in connection with your lapidary work. Queries should be addressed to Desert Magazine, El Centro, Calif.

By **LELANDE QUICK**

It isn't true, as is popularly supposed, that everybody and his brother intends to engage in the plastics business now that peace is here. At least half of the new business ventures are gem cutting establishments or gem dealer enterprises. Prominent among these is the new venture of Armando De Angelis at Prescott, Arizona, called the Prescott Lapidary company. De Angelis moved out from New York where he was featured in an article in New York's PM "the newspaper without an ad" last February. He has been in business 25 years and trained many lapidaries but he has moved his activities to the scene of the source.

Other ambitious gem and jewelry ventures have been started in Utah and Nevada. Every one of the desert filling stations closed during the war are opening with the usual supplies but nearly every proprietor (according to our heavy correspondence) intends to become a roadside lapidary. Assuming that we wouldn't hear from more than one per cent of the interested people the indication is that thousands of persons now are buying lapidary equipment. The mail has been so heavy that we can't keep up with it. Last month's article gave some indication of what is needed and about how much a shop should cost and readers are referred to our advertiser list which includes many of the reliable dealers in and manufacturers of equipment.

All of this poses a problem. Where is the material coming from to supply these new enterprises? It is true that there are countless mountains of gem materials available but they are not available in places where dealers can haul it away in trucks. "Ah, but they're doing it," you say. Yes, the indications are that they are doing just that—and the mineral societies already are being wrongly blamed for it. Now that travel is available again the great question in the minds of all "field trip" chairmen of the societies is where to take a caravan of 100 cars containing 200 people with 200 picks and strong backs and determination. Where indeed? The old pre-war collecting areas are exhausted or closed. Stone canyon is privately leased. They're waiting with rifles at Virgin valley. The Nipomo bean fields have been sold and are protected with electrified fences. The Friday ranch has been sold. Many other areas have been picked clean.

What is the answer? I think that individuals and societies who discover new collecting spots should avail themselves of the mineral rights and stake claims under the law and attempt to control their legitimate discoveries. Much of the gem collecting material comes from the public domain and entry can be legally controlled only by legal claims. You may say the deserts belong to the people but the people do not always exercise good sense about their common heritage. If absolute freedom were allowed in the public domain no one would dispute the fact that the American people are so constituted that in three months after lifting all restrictions there would not be a bear, deer, elk, buffalo, dove, quail or trout in the country. They would become as extinct as the dinosaurs who first strode the deserts. If the Petrified Forest in Arizona was not protected by law there wouldn't be enough petrified wood there now to make a ring-set.

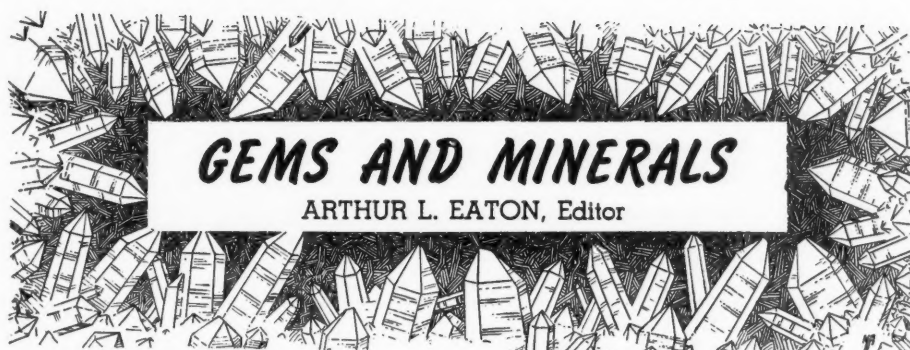
The following letter from W. H. Ireland of Taft, California, is typical of what true rock hunters are thinking. "There was enough moss agate in Horse canyon to supply bookends, paper weights and cabochons to thousands who collect as I do. Then some one wrote an article and

drew a map whereupon rockhogs moved in with trucks and carted off tons of the bigger stuff. A group came in with several trucks and 50 school kids and carted off everything loose they didn't break to bits, chased the cattle over the mountain, scattered trash over the landscape, left the gates open and went home. Now there is a heavily padlocked gate and riders to chase anyone walking there. There isn't much left until a cloudburst or earthquake comes along and another good rock locality is gutted and closed. It's the same way at Lead Pipe springs, Tick canyon and many other localities. Why can't we have a hobby without someone trying to make a monopoly out of it? The fellow who cracks all the geodes, trucks away all the rock, swipes the specimens in front of an absent settler's cabin, throws his cigarette in the dry grass, his garbage into the spring and acts like a two-legged hog is ruining an enjoyable hobby for thousands."

Mr. Ireland is too right. However it isn't the mineral societies or the long established dealers who are causing this unpopular condition. It is the great mass of new enthusiasts and new "business men" who go to the gem areas uninformed and usually unaccompanied. I hauled home many a load of useless material before I belonged to a society to guide my judgment and teach me the difference between a geode and a cocoanut. This condition is serious and it should be made a subject for immediate discussion and action with all mineral and lapidary societies everywhere. The societies in the East have little idea, of course, of the abuse in the West but they should be educated to teach discretion to some of their members who will inevitably make trips to the western fields.

Just about this time many readers will be saying to themselves, "but what of all the mapped field trips I've read about in Desert Magazine? Why I've been on many of those trips and it's the best reason I have for continuing to subscribe." Yes, I've been on many of those trips too but we've never published a trip yet where anyone could get a truck within a mile of the place. Most of them were not even approachable by car. They always involve some hoofing and they are always at spots where a man would literally kill himself if he attempted to haul more than 25 pounds of material away—and that's enough for a thousand cabochons. People go home and realize with great satisfaction that the best part of the trip was the exercise and good health they encountered by getting away from paved highway and breathing the best air many of them ever enjoyed. There will be many more trips mapped but only to areas where no one can take away more material than a generous allowance for a lifetime.

Field trip chairmen of societies have a very grave responsibility if they are to avoid the somewhat just charge that the societies are despoiling the areas. Individual members should not disseminate general information to the world that was secured in confidence. All rocks are not gems but finds of good gem materials should be protected by legal claims and the materials distributed by barter. A good claim held and controlled by a society could provide many benefits for that society. And, of course, there should be a moral obligation on writers and publications to protect the best interests of all the people, a conservation policy similar to our own. What do you think?



GEMS AND MINERALS

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

TRONA CLUB HOLDS MOST SUCCESSFUL ANNUAL SHOW

Searles Lake gem and mineral society on October 20-21 held their highly successful Fourth Annual Hobby show at Trona unified school, attracting more exhibitors and more out-of-town guests than any previous show. Mrs. Ann Pipkin assisted by committees of the society, again was general chairman.

A popular feature was the annual banquet, attended by 162 club members and guests, including 50 from out of town. George Pipkin, society president, extended greetings, and Clark Mills was master of ceremonies. Guests of honor who gave short talks were C. D. Woodhouse, president of California federation of mineralogical societies, Harvey Shetler, first vice-president of South East hobby society, Huntington Park, and C. L. Matteson, past president of South East hobby society.

Among the dozens of class entries, the following gem and mineral awards were made: Minerals—Ralph Merrill, Modesto Leonardi; Cabochons—Edward Redenbach, C. C. Stewart, Ralph Hevener; Junior minerals—Valeria Pipkin; Jewelry—C. C. Stewart, Ralph Hevener.

NEW ROCKHOUND CLUB IS FORMED IN MOJAVE DESERT

Rockhound Club of NOTS (Naval ordnance test station), a new club of Owens valley-Mojave desert area, was formed recently at a meeting of 16 enthusiasts at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Jones, Inyokern.

First field trip took the group to Red Rock canyon, thence to an opal location. When they arrived at the opal beds they found the claim had been staked and the right of way held by two determined gentlemen well armed. Retracing their steps, they took the Cal-Silco road and had a lucrative trip in a rockhound sort of way, finding jasper, opalite, agate, quartz crystals, agatized wood and petrified twigs and roots.

LOS ANGELES SOCIETY ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

Los Angeles mineralogical society elected the following officers at October 18 meeting: Wm. R. Harriman, president; C. Haven Bishop, 1st vice-president; Frank Larkin, 2nd vice-president; Rosalie Gotfredson, secretary; Beth McLeod, treasurer; Helyn Lehman, field trip chairman; Alma Newell, business manager; Richard Lehman, federation representative; Gertrude C. Logan, editor.

Richard Lehman gave an impromptu talk on his recent trip to Arizona, displaying specimens of bornite, vanadinite and asbestos. Scouting parties will attempt to locate new gem fields as many of the known locations are about worked out.

JOHN GRIEGER RETURNS FROM OVERSEAS DUTY

After three years' service in the armed forces, John M. Grieger has returned to his former position in the Warner & Grieger gem and mineral shop in Pasadena, California.

"In the future we will be open full time, six days a week," writes John, "and our staff is now large enough to fill all orders within two or three days of receipt. We expect to give better service than ever before."

Highly magnetic specks of meteoric iron apparently are common in the atmosphere in many places. These can be gathered by means of rainfall. Select a roof equipped with drains which can be run into a barrel, not a metal tank. After the roof has been washed by one rain, run the water of a second or third rain into the barrel. After the water has been allowed to settle, pour it out carefully, and the specks of meteoric iron can be taken from the sludge easily with a hand magnet. Sometimes the magnet will gather small amounts from the roof and drains themselves.



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Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Daily

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Available for Immediate Delivery

6 in.	\$ 4.60	14 in.	\$14.80
8 in.	6.65	16 in.	16.85
10 in.	8.70	20 in.	22.95
12 in.	10.75	24 in.	29.60

Our Mr. John Grieger is now home from the army. Additional help has been employed so that we can promptly fill all mail and phone orders. Open all day long so drop in and look over many new items now in stock. Items now available for immediate delivery include:

B. & I. Gem Makers and Facetors.
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Bausch and Lomb Magnifiers.

Sterling Silver Sheet and Wire, Gold and Silver Bails, Sister Hooks, Jump Rings, Joint Wire, Chain by the foot, Complete Neck Chains, Ear Wires, and many hard to get jewelry findings. Also Ring Mountings, Brooch and Pendant Mountings.

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7/8 in.—\$1.00 1 in.—\$1.25 1 1/4 in.—\$1.50

SAME IN STERLING

1 1/8 in. and 1 3/8 in. in diameter—\$1.50 each. Add 20% Federal Tax. Send for bulletins of other designs.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Whole or sawed boules of American made synthetic gems now available. We have Ruby, Spinel and Sapphire.

Cutter's Victory Collection—4 lbs. of fine quality petrified woods, jaspers, and fine cuttable materials for only \$1.25 and postage on 5 lbs.

GRINDING WHEELS OF ALL SIZES, SANDING DRUMS, POLISHING BUFFS, ABRASIVES, AND POLISHING POWDERS OF ALL TYPES ARE ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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THE FACET SHOP, Brazilian white Topaz, Green Brazilian Tourmaline, Chrysoberyl synthetics in all colors. Large Kashmar Sapphire. **DEALERS:** 5 ounces small Australian violet Sapphire, side sets and small brilliants possible. \$1.00 per carat, none less than 1 carat. Uruguay Citrine, Montana Sapphire ordered (we hope to get it within 60 days), Brazilian Amethyst crystals, Citrine crystals, deep blue Aquamarine, parcel mixed stones, big Garnet specimens, big Phantom crystals, Big Tourmaline matrix (2). Money back guarantee. The Desert Rats Nest, 2667 E. Colorado, E. Pasadena, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL ACTINOLITE Specimens, Actinolite crystals in smoky quartz. 3x3 \$5.00, 2x2 \$3.00, also \$1.00 sizes. These are nice. Jack the Rockhound, P. O. Box 86, Carbondale, Colo.

MINERAL COLLECTORS or Rockhounds attention! Make your hobby pay by keeping a weather eye open for deposits of **FLUOR-SPAR** (Calcium Fluoride) which might be of value for mining in large tonnages. We are in the market for such deposits, especially around Barstow, Victorville or the Death Valley districts. Address P. O. Box No. 1, Deming, New Mexico.

ROCKS AND MINERALS which reflect the color and atmosphere of the Colorado Desert. Assortment of 10 colorful specimens, cabinet size, \$10.00 plus postage. Desert Blossom Rocks, Box 356, Winterhaven, Calif.

FINE KENTUCKY FOSSILS, MINERALS. Nine 3x4 specimens \$4.00. Unbroken geodes 10 pounds \$4.75 postpaid. Free lists, Bryant, R. 2, Lawrenceburg, Ky.

AGATES: very high grade, bright colored plume, flower and moss in shades of red, yellow, green, black, etc., with backgrounds, blue, rose, yellow, clear and white. Slabs will make beautiful jewelry. Plume slabs, suitable for one brooch or brooch and ring, \$1.50 to \$5.00, larger \$5.00 to \$25.00. Flower and moss, \$1.00 to \$10.00. Polished slabs slightly higher. Please send deposit for slabs wanted on approval. Money back if not entirely satisfied. Mae Duquette, 407 No. Muscatel, San Gabriel, Calif.

ROCK COLLECTORS ATTENTION: Special Christmas Offer. 1 Choice Fluorescent rock \$1.00, 1 Garnet in Rhyolite, \$1.00, 1 sparkling Quartz & pyrite XL group \$2.00, 1 slice Rhodonite \$1.00, 1 Agatized clam \$1.00, 1 white Aragonite stalactite \$1.00, 1 double refractory Iceland Spar \$1.00, 1 cuttable Malachite \$1.00, 1 Tourmaline in matrix \$1.00, 1 blue Calcanthite specimen \$1.00, 1 Vanadinite crystal group \$1.00. Free cabochon or polished specimen. All postpaid for only \$8.00 (nothing sold separate). The Rockologist (Chuckawalla Slim) Cathedral City, Calif.

ROUGH GEM MATERIAL that is different. Deep blue lazulite in white and buff quartzite. Rose pink thulite in pale green diopside. Either kind, \$1.25 per pound. Minimum order 2 lbs. Please add 25c for postage and packing. H. Goudey, Box 401, Yerington, Nevada.

EXPERIENCED TURQUOISE cutters wanted. Rate 2 cents per carat for 40 hours work, 3 cents per carat for cutting after 40 hours in one week. Can cut up to 53 hours per week. List references and experience in first reply. Maisel's Indian Trading Post, P. O. Box 1333, Albuquerque, N. M.

BARGAIN ASSORTMENT—1 gem chrysocolla slab enough to make 8 cabochons—Enough gem turquoise to make 10 cabochons—3 pounds red cutting agate—2 Oregon agate nodules—1 pound Yermo petrified palm—1 pound fine jasper—5 pieces Australian fire opal for small cabochons—1 pound Snowflake obsidian. All for \$3.00 plus postage on 8 pounds. West Coast Mineral Co., 1400 Hacienda Blvd., La Habra Heights, Calif.

10 LBS. ASSORTED MATERIAL for \$6.00. Agates, Jasper, Geodes, Amygdaloids, Chalcedonies, Algae, etc. Write for price list of cutting materials, specimens, fossils, jewelry, etc. John L. James, Tonopah, Nev.

GEM QUALITY PYROPE GARNETS—New Mexico Rubies—Carmine or Crimson color \$1.00 each. Limit 10 per order, Ralph Gee, Box 35, Espanola, New Mexico.

THE COLORADO GEM CO. wishes you A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May there be peace on earth and goodwill toward all men. Frank and Grace Morse, Bayfield, Colo.

SPECIAL: My surprise assortment of Arizona minerals \$1.00 FOB. Cash with order. A bargain. L. E. Bagg, Box 782, Peoria, Ariz.

SPECIAL FOR THE MONTH: Fifteen beautiful mineral specimens for only \$1.20, include sales tax if from California. Send money with order. M. "Speeder" Duino, 998 The Alameda, San Jose, Calif.

CHOICE BRAZILIAN AGATE, beautifully banded—sliced for cabochons, 30c per sq. in. Money refunded if not satisfied when material is returned. Mail orders only. Gaskill, 400 No. Muscatel, San Gabriel, Calif.

MONTANA MOSS AGATE in rough for gem cutting and specimen. 50c to \$1 per pound, plus shipping cost. Also can supply Jade, Jasper and Petrified wood. E. A. Wright, P. O. Box 1318, Billings, Montana.

INDIAN RELICS, Curios, Coins, Minerals, Books, Old Buttons, Old Glass, Old West Photos, Weapons, Catalogue 5c. Lemley Antique Store, Osborne, Kansas.

AGATE JEWELRY AND OREGON AGATES—Ladies 10k gold rings, pointed or oval type, \$14.40 including excise tax. We make pendant necklaces, brooches, rings of several types. Sell plume and other agate by the slab. We guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money upon receipt of our merchandise. See that funds accompany your order. E. Lee Sigfrit, 211 Congress, Bend, Oregon.

\$2.50 brings you prepaid six rare and beautiful crystallized Arizona minerals. Vanadinite, Diopside, Wulfenite, Willemite, Chrysocolla, Azurite. Specimens 1½x2 or larger. Wiener Mineral Co., Box 509, Tucson, Arizona.

MONTANA MOSS AGATES in the rough for gem cutting, \$1.00 per lb. plus postage. Elliott's Gem Shop, 26 Jergins Arcade, Long Beach 2, California.

MINERALS, GEMS, COINS, Bills, Old Glass, Books, Stamps, Fossils, Buttons, Dolls, Weapons, Miniatures, Indian Silver Rings and Bracelets. Also Mexican. Catalogue 5c. Cowboy Lemley, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Industrious rockhounds at Jacumba, San Diego county, California, report the discovery of pink thulite in white Zoisite. These two minerals are varieties of the same mineral. They occur in white, pink, red, grey and whitish grey.

Marquette geologists, Chicago, scheduled a field trip October 28 to the bad lands of Illinois—strip mines in Coal City-Wilmington district—for fossil flora and fauna.

About a dozen employees of Southern California Telephone company, Los Angeles, have formed a lapidary group initiated by Dean T. Smith, of the telephone company. There is now an exhibit of their craftwork including jewelry, cabochons and other lapidary items. The several cases are on exhibit in the company library, 12th floor, 740 South Olive, Los Angeles. Visitors are welcome.

Monterey Bay mineral society has grown from 16 at first meeting to 60 at the fourth.

SHELL JEWELRY. Learn how to make at home. Special Beginners Outfit, plenty for 25 pieces, includes equipment, shell and instructions, for \$5.00 postpaid. Write for our new price list of American Gem Cutting Material. The Gem Exchange, Lake Bluff, Ills.

WHOLESALE ONLY: Lazulite, Agate Wood, Nevada Agate, Nevada Variscite, Obsidian, black, Obsidian, black and red. Amygdaloids, Carnelian, Travertine, Death Valley Onyx, Lone Mt. Onyx, Paymaster Onyx, Death Valley Curly, Box 495, Goldfield, Nev.

EXQUISITE BEAUTY under cold quartz lamps. A new ROSE design 9x12 in. picture done in fluorescent minerals. Reacts green and rose pink. Tulip design—same size—reacts, blue, orange, red and green, still available. Each \$1.25 postpaid. Thompson's Studio, 385 West Second Street, Pomona, Calif.

SLABS ON APPROVAL, against deposit or satisfactory reference, will submit large selection. Cabochon slabs or large sections for cabinet display. Rough or polished. Large variety of fine material. See our display when you pass this way. A. E. Davies, Stone Valley Road, Alamo, Calif.

WANTED: TO BUY, sell and exchange specimens outstandingly rare and beautiful. Sam Parker, 2160 East Van Buren, Phoenix, Ariz.

MINERAL SETS—24 Colorful Minerals (identified) in 1x1 compartments—Postage paid, \$3.50. Prospector's Set of 50 Minerals (identified) in 1x1 compartments in cloth reinforced sturdy cartons, Postage paid \$5.75. Elliott's Gem Shop, 26 Jergins Arcade, Long Beach 2, Calif.

ARIZONA AGATES, JASPEERS, PETRIFIED WOOD. We are now mining beautiful Arizona agates and jaspers. These have moss ferns, flowers and pictures and are of many colors. This is new gem material coming from desert deposits. Choice gem material 5 lbs. \$12.50. 10 lbs. \$22.00. As it comes 25 lbs. \$15.00. Low grade but lots of good cutting material 35 lbs. \$15.00. Number one Arizona petrified wood 2 lbs. \$6.50. 5 lbs. \$12.50. 10 lbs. \$23.00. 25 lbs. \$52.00. Limited supply. Gem and specimen petrified wood mixed 30 lbs. \$12.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postage extra. Chas. E. Hill, 2205 N. 8th St., Phoenix, Arizona.

E. E. Hadley, paleontologist of Los Angeles county museum, lectured on fossils and minerals of Orange county at the October tenth meeting of Long Beach mineralogical society. Mrs. Jessie Hardman discussed opals and new member Bosley talked on crystals.

George A. Reply entertained Texas mineral society at Dallas, at their October meeting with colored slides of Mexico and Yucatan. Members displayed new mineral specimens.

Marian C. Milligan writes from Hinkley, California, that firing has ceased on the huge U. S. marine base northwest of Barstow, so rockhounds again can travel desert trails. Mrs. Milligan states that she will be pleased to guide visiting rockhounds to geode or agate locations. Sundays are her free days.

J. Lewis Renton showed color films of his rock collection at October gathering of San Jose lapidary society. Arthur Maudens, San Mateo, Harold Newman, Burlingame, and Charles Murphy, Santa Cruz, displayed over 300 gem stones and some handmade jewelry. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elder contributed geodes to raffle for the library fund. November meeting was scheduled to be held at De Anza hotel, speaker Ben Hinner, subject Brazilian quartz crystals.

State mineral society of Texas announces a state meeting and mineral show to be held at Dallas November 17-18 in the Jefferson hotel. Doors will be opened at 2 p.m. Neighboring rockhounds are invited to participate.

J. D. Webster talked on uranium, metal and source of atomic energy, at October 8 meeting of Monterey Bay mineral society held in Salinas Y.M.C.A. J. D. Herman gave the club a collection of mineral specimens for its permanent display case. The exhibit is changed monthly. At present specimens on display are owned by T. G. Emmons, A. L. Jarvis and A. W. Flippin. The society has voted to join California federation of mineralogical societies.

Parlier lap and jewelry classroom has been improved with new wiring, fluorescent lighting, a drill, saw and several new motors.

R. W. Mumford, vice-president of American potash and chemical corporation, Trona, was October 17 speaker for Searles Lake gem and mineral society. A 40 minute color film illustrated his talk on the potash industry.

San Jose lapidary society plans a two day gem show to be held in January.

Eighty-nine members and guests attended October meeting of Orange Belt mineralogical society held in San Bernardino, California, junior college. Dr. and Mrs. Wedgewood talked on making pottery. Dr. Wedgewood explained mining the clay, then showed motion pictures of pottery making. A field trip was planned to the Blythe district October 12-14, leader Dr. Warren Fox of Riverside. R. J. Harris was scheduled to talk on metal and plastic at November meeting.

Mineralogical Society of Southern California held its 138th regular monthly meeting October 8 in Pasadena public library. Ralph Dietz talked on the benitoite mine in San Benito county, California (now closed) and told of the hazardous roads leading to it. Bill Sanborn of Pomona college gave an account of his trip to mountainous regions of southwest Colorado, northwest New Mexico and northeast Arizona where he found gold specimens at an abandoned mine and discovered a chipping station with flint chips covering the ground and two chipping stones about five feet apart.

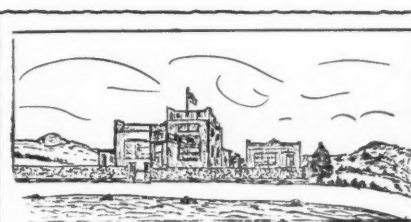
Sequoia mineral society had a dime raffle at October 2 meeting.

Uranium minerals in Arizona were discussed at October 18 meeting of Mineralogical Society of Arizona, Phoenix. Field trips will be resumed in the near future.

G. Haven Bishop, who recently returned from Central America where he was official photographer for International American highways, was to give a talk illustrated with kodachromes before Los Angeles lapidary society at its November 5 meeting, Royal Palms hotel, Los Angeles. His subjects included road building, customs, native costumes and homelife, vegetation, geology and scenic views of Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua and Panama. C. R. Standridge was to speak on emeralds.

Desert gem and mineral society, Blythe, met October 8 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brooks. The usual rock contest was won by Mrs. Mayflower, first, and Louis Favret, second. A round table discussion was held on minerals and rocks. Members and guests present included Mayor and Mrs. Collis Mayflower, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Vargas, Louis Favret, Carl Julian, Jerome Keim, B. W. Cohoon, R. D. Braman and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Poe. Meetings are held second Monday evening each month.

East Bay mineral society members were scheduled to hear a highly technical subject discussed at their November 1 meeting. Francis T. Jones was to speak on optical crystallography, demonstrating with a petrographic microscope.



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The fine specimens advertised below come from our Calcite Mines which are described in the August issue of the Mineralogist and the Desert Magazine.

CALCITE in superb crystal groups, 2x2 in.—\$2.00 to 4x5 in.—\$7.50

CLEAR CALCITE RHOMBS (Iceland Spar)—Fluoresces a beautiful red under the Mineralight. 35c to \$1.00 according to size and quality.

SPECIAL—Optical Basal Plates from which the secret gun sights were made. Never before advertised. These fluoresce a nice red. 2x2 in.—\$1.00 to 5x7 in.—\$12.00.

ALSO—Mixed Mojave desert cutting material: Agates, Jaspers—5 pounds \$2.50.

HOLLOW GEODES—Chocolate mountains. Sparkling Quartz Xls and beautiful Calcite Xls interior. 50c to \$4.00.

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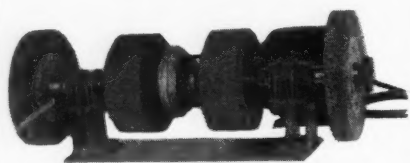
Presents many new and beautiful mineral specimens. Gold, Silver, Peacock Copper and hundreds of others. Agate from Utah, Crystals from the LaSalle Mts. and many beautiful specimens gathered from the Rockies. Look into these bargains, then add some of them to your collection. First come, first served.

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JACK THE ROCKHOUND
P. O. Box 86 Carbondale, Colo.

Highland Park Lapidary Supply

1009 Mission St., South Pasadena, Calif.



1 in. ARBOR 31 in. LONG
2 3x8 DRUM SANDERS

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About 12 sq. inches in box
Postpaid to You
\$2.50

Money back if not satisfied.

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Box 1134 Las Vegas, Nevada

Stones of Rare Quality

Aquamarines—10x8, 12x10, 16x12 m/m and larger sizes, \$2.00 per carat, also round cuts.

Ceylon Sapphires—Blue, Golden \$2.00 per carat.

Ceylon Red Garnets—\$5.00 per dozen.
Ceylon Hessonite Garnets—\$1.00 per carat.

Brilliant Cut Sapphires—\$5.00 per carat.
Carved Sapphires and Rubies—\$3.00 per carat.

100 Carved Obsidians—\$40.00.

Ceylon Zircons—\$1.00 per carat.

Rare Chrysocolla—\$10.00 per 100 carat lot.

Moonstones—\$35.00 per 100 carat.

Rare Green Garnets—\$5.00 per carat.

Moss Agates—\$6.00 to \$12.00 per dozen.

Rare Cameos of all kinds.

Optical Prisms—1 3/4 inch, \$1.50 each.

Many Other Gems at 25c to \$5.00 each.

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NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

Imperial Valley gem and mineral society, the below sea level club, has resumed field trip activities. In September the group went south of the Mexican border to Pinto mountain for rhyolite, and in October to the malapai flats north of Ogilby for agate, dumortierite and petrified palm. Excellent specimens were obtained.

Annual mineral exhibit of Sacramento mineral society was on display October in Crocker art gallery. The show consisted of 20 cabinets containing crystal groups, mineral specimens, faceted and cabochon gemstones, opalized woods and ores of gold and silver. Lapidary department has outgrown the art gallery, so its exhibit was housed in windows of Murray hardware company in downtown Sacramento.

Dr. A. K. Snelgrove, director of bureau of mineral research, Rutgers university, talked on mineral research in New Jersey at October 2 meeting of New Jersey mineralogical society, Plainfield. Dr. Snelgrove is directing a geological and ceramic study of mineral resources in New Jersey.

So many tracks have been left by jeeps and other vehicles on the floor of the desert that it is easy to follow the wrong trail and miss rock locations entirely. It is wise to scout a field trip before the whole group starts through little known territory.

East Bay's library continues to grow. Several volumes have been added during the summer, including *Our Amazing Earth*, *Art of Gem Cutting*, *Determinative Mineralogy and Blow Pipe Analysis*, *Thunder Gods Gold*, and *Fluorescent Light and Its Applications*.

At their October 16 dinner meeting, 88 members of Seattle gem collectors club heard Professor George F. Beck of Central Washington College of Education, Ellensburg, talk on the early history of western Washington, including petrified woods in Ginkgo forest region.

Coachella Valley Business and Professional women's club, Indio, were exposed to rock-hounditis at their October 17 dinner meeting, when Joseph Snyder, rock collector and cutter, spoke to them of the value and pleasure of such an outdoor hobby.

Elected officers of Imperial Valley gem and mineral society for 1945-46 are: Louise Eaton, president; Harold Flood, vice-president; Grace Hoffman, 1125 Main, El Centro, secretary-treasurer; Arthur Eaton, advisor; Lloyd Richardson, board member.

ANSWERS TO DESERT QUIZ

Questions are on page 6.

- 1—Saguaro cactus.
- 2—Climbing the tree and picking the fruit from the stems.
- 3—Blue.
- 4—Mining.
- 5—Black widow spider.
- 6—The Indian Service of the federal government.
- 7—Manganese.
- 8—Never found.
- 9—Cattle raising.
- 10—Arizona.
- 11—Las Vegas.
- 12—Salt River valley.
- 13—Hopi.
- 14—White.
- 15—Bauxite.
- 16—Palm Springs.
- 17—Harold Bell Wright.
- 18—Letting some air out of the tires.
- 19—Mexico.
- 20—Tombstone.

R. Barnum and S. D. Williams, of Yucaipa, recently returned from a trip into the jade fields of Wyoming, bringing with them almost 200 pounds of jade including many fine pieces. They had spent 9 1/2 days walking over an area which had been explored for the past seven years, and obtained light, medium and dark specimens. Mr. Barnum concluded his report as printed in the Yucaipa News, with this advice to those who might want to hunt jade: "Unless one has strong legs, a weak mind and keen eyesight capable of detecting rattlesnakes among the rocks and sage brush, he will do well to think twice before he takes a chance on such a trip as ours."

Mineralogical Society of Arizona has elected the following officers for 1945-46: Arthur I. Flagg, president; Dr. G. G. McKhann, vice president; Humphrey S. Keithley, Box 902 Phoenix, Arizona, secretary; H. B. Holloway treasurer; J. E. Shelton, historian.

The Old Baldy lapidary society met October 15 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Berner. Treat of the evening was pictures by Mr. and Mrs. James. The Old Baldy club takes in territory from San Gabriel to Claremont, California. Meetings third Mondays at members' homes. Secretary, Ethel Dyer, 300 Glenwood Ave., Glendora.

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four stone selection, approx. 5 carats, \$2.50
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1 to 2 1/2 carats, 15c per carat
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At their October meeting the Yavapai Gem and Mineral Society, Prescott, Arizona, heard a talk on the process of cutting radar crystals by A. De Angelis. He explained that most of the rock crystal from which they are cut comes from Brazil. Outstanding exhibits at the meeting were fluorescent minerals by junior member John Butcher, Indian arrow heads by H. L. Womack, rare carvings in alabaster and white and grey soapstone from Russia by Mrs. J. Bryant Kasey, and odd and unusual Arizona rocks and minerals by Mr. and Mrs. Moulton B. Smith. Meetings are held the second Thursday of each month in the court house. Visitors are always welcome.

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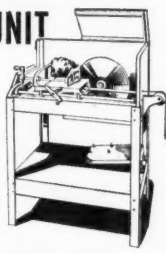
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● HANDLES from a 10" to 16" blade. Safe clamp hold quickly adjusted to any size stone. Cross feed permits several parallel cuts without reclamping stone. Internal Pressure grease lubrication... adjustable oil sump. Splash proof, yet work is visible at all times. \$74.00 f.o.b. factory less blade and motor.



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Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

Wun pleasin aspek about no-more-war is that rockhouns can enjoy a full moon without th' sinister knowlege that th' same gorgeous light was a bombing moon when it shone over Europe a few hours earlier.

Yu know what's found "within the oyster shell uncouth"—Well, it's in sort uv uncouth an' despised places that rockhouns finds their best specimens, too. They travels as far as autos can go over boulders an' brush, thru dust an' sand (if they GETS thru) an' then hikes farther into more deserted areas for th' choicest rox. So far, no rockhoun has been reported lost, either. Permanently.

Rockhouns has had to forego fieldtrip-pin for so long that they're almost like tenderfeet at camping. They've forgotten th' convenient short cuts to camp tasks an' has um all to learn over. But it won't take long.

Archy Nisbet states that Marquette geologists, Chicago, have donated approximately 20 pounds of cutting material to veterans in a hospital for use in physio-therapy work. The lapidary shop soon will be in operation. There will be six grinding heads and a horizontal lap.

Members of Imperial valley gem and mineral society recently have become interested in dumortierite as a cutting quality gem stone. This stone has the imposing formula of 8Al2O3·B2O3·6SiO2·H2O. Its hardness is seven and specific gravity 3.30. The Ogilby district of eastern Imperial county produces a compact variety ranging through purple, light blue, dark blue to black, while the Dehesa district of San Diego county produces a lilac colored, fibrous type, beautiful as specimens but never of gem quality.

Some very fine obsidian in several varieties has been found near Teotihuacan, Mexico. None of it has been found in place, and many persons suspect that the natives are working over materials brought in by Toltecs, perhaps 2000 years ago. The modern variety is solid black, but the older is almost transparent olive green. The pieces are never large. Many of them, when cut for sets or to represent human faces, break all records for iridescence, sometimes silvery white and sometimes the color of pure gold.

Most rockhouns, especially the gem cutter variety, pass up zeolites wherever found, without even a second glance. This is a distinct injustice to a fine group of minerals. They are not usually found in large quantities, but in tiny groups of crystals or very attractive fibers. They are particularly beautiful when encountered in pale pastel colors, such as pink or orange. They occur in small cavities, and even in little geodes.

Two or three large outcroppings of rhodonite, pink colored silicate of manganese, well marked with black manganese dioxide, psilomelane, have been found in the region just west of Jacumba, California, not far from Highway 80. Some of this, but not all, appears to be of a quality which can be used for cutting, and lapidary work in general.



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VRECO Lapidary Equipment will again be available just as soon as our facilities can be converted and our NEW line of equipment put into production. Watch for announcements. In the meantime, let us serve you with these highest quality VRECO supplies:

VRECO DIAMOND SAWS . . . give you better performance . . . longer life . . . faster cutting.

6-inch.....	\$4.50	12-inch.....	\$ 8.75
8-inch.....	5.50	14-inch.....	11.00
10-inch.....	6.80	16-inch.....	13.75

Be sure to specify arbor hole size required. Postpaid.

VRECO GRINDING WHEELS are made expressly for gem stone grinding.

	100 Grain 6" 100 & 180	220 Grit
6 x 3/4-inch.....	\$ 2.10	\$ 2.25
6 x 1 -inch.....	2.40	2.60
8 x 1 -inch.....	3.60	3.90
10 x 1 -inch.....	5.00	5.30
10 x 1 1/2-inch.....	7.00	7.50
12 x 1 -inch.....	6.90	7.50
12 x 1 1/2-inch.....	9.60	10.40
12 x 2 -inch.....	12.30	13.30

Be sure to specify arbor hole size. Postage extra.

VRECO DRESSING BRICKS are an indispensable aid to keeping wheels true.

8" x 2" x 1" Dressing Brick..... \$.85

ABRASIVE GRAIN . . . Silicon-carbide grains in grit sizes 60, 80, 100, 120, 150, 180, 220, also F (240), FF (300), and FFF (400).

50c per lb. in single lb. lots

35c per lb. in 2 to 5 lb. lots

30c per lb. in 6 to 99 lb. lots

23c per lb. in 100 lb. lots or more

(Postage extra)

POLISH POWDER . . . Tripoli Polishing Powder, 2 lbs. \$.85

FELT POLISH WHEELS—Spanish White Felt . . . made expressly for us by Byfield Felting Co. These wheels are the proper hardness for polishing gem stones and flat specimens.

6 x 1-in.....	\$4.25	10 x 1 -in.....	\$11.00
8 x 1-in.....	7.25	10 x 1 1/2-in.....	14.90
		10 x 2-in.....	\$19.00

Arbor hole sizes: 1/2", 5/8", 3/4", 7/8", 1".

Felt prices are postpaid.

SANDING CLOTH . . . CARBORUNDUM BRAND Silicon-carbide cloth for disc or drum type sanders. Grit sizes, 120, 220, 320.

Width	Price per Ft.	No. Ft. per \$	Price per 150 ft. Roll	Roll Ship. Weight
2"	5c	24 ft.	\$ 4.70	3 lbs.
3"	7c	15 ft.	6.90	5 lbs.
8"	17c	7 ft.	18.00	12 lbs.
10"	22c	6 ft.	22.00	15 lbs.
12"	25c	5 ft.	26.50	20 lbs.

VRELAND MFG. CO.

2026 S. W. Jefferson St. Portland 1, Oregon



By RANDALL HENDERSON

IN GALLUP, New Mexico, recently, I talked with M. L. Woodard, secretary of the Indian Traders' association, about the threatened invasion of machine-made jewelry in the field of Indian silver work. I asked this question: "To what extent will factory-produced silver and turquoise replace the handiwork of the Indian craftsmen?"

"It is my opinion," said Woodard, "that the better craftsmen among the Indians have nothing to fear. It is only the inferior workmen who will suffer from the competition. The manufacturers probably will put out a uniformly good grade of silver-work, and unless it is stamped for identification, it will not always be easy to tell a machine-made bracelet from the handiwork of a highly skilled Indian silversmith."

According to information received by Secretary Woodard, the Indian Service is planning to have Indian silver and other crafts products marked for identification so the buyer will know whether or not he is getting true handmade jewelry. Such a program was initiated several years ago, but it was not successful due to the time and red-tape involved in getting the native products stamped by bonded agents. This problem is to be simplified under the new program.

One factor favoring the Indians is that no machine-made products which compete with Indian-made wares are permitted to be sold on a reservation or in a national park or monument. Thus Indian traders, and concessionaires in the parks, may offer only true Indian goods.

Another factor favoring the Indians is the plan worked out by Woodard for the Traders' association to buy and distribute bar and wire silver cooperatively. The shortage of silver during the war made it necessary to set up a central agency to secure equitable distribution of the limited supply, and the plan has been so effective it probably will be continued.

* * *

Across Arizona and in New Mexico I found the same critical housing problem that exists in California. The "No Vacancy" signs become a nightmare to the traveler who arrives late in the afternoon or evening seeking accommodations. But there are two ways to beat those signs. One is to make reservations well in advance. The other is to carry a sleeping bag and be prepared to camp out. Nature has not posted "No Vacancy" signs yet on the great wide desert that extends from the Sierras in California to the Rockies in Colorado and New Mexico. On a 10-day trip I resorted to the sleeping bag three nights—and my pneumatic mattress was more comfortable than some of the beds I found along the way.

One night, Harry O. Davis, my companion on the trip, and I arrived in Gallup late. It was after ten, and raining. There wasn't a vacant bed in the town. But Janet and Lloyd Ambrose at the lovely Casa Linda motor court offered us the only thing they had—the davenport in their private living quarters and space on the floor to spread my bedroll. Lloyd is a former Indian trader and the Casa Linda will always be popular for their's is the hospitality of the Old West.

* * *

The weather gods of the desert country frowned this year on the date growers in California's Coachella valley, source of most of the domestically grown dates in this country. Ripening dates need dry warm weather. They require lots of water, but it must be at their roots, not at their crowns. But this year there were rains and humid days in August and September and much of the fruit failed to mature properly.

Mature date gardens are the highest priced agricultural lands in the United States. Considerable acreage changed hands during the past year at prices ranging as high as \$3500 an acre. When the season is right, these gardens produce a high return on that investment. But when the rains come at the wrong season, the grower can only stand by and watch his fruit fall from its stems, and hope for better weather next season. Fortunately, these off years come only at long intervals.

The date packers have assured me there will be an ample supply of good fruit for the fancy packs they prepare for Christmas mailing.

* * *

"Everybody needs beauty as well as bread," wrote John Muir, the naturalist . . . "places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike."

That was true when John Muir lived, 1838-1914. It is a truth of even greater significance today. For these are confusing times. It isn't easy to find the beauty in life when conflict and distrust and misunderstanding occupy the major part of every day's news reports.

But the intolerance and selfishness which are so conspicuous in man's dealing with man have in no way diminished the healing power of Nature. While humans push and crowd and burn themselves out in a crazy stampede for bigger profits and higher wages and the satisfaction of personal vanities—Nature goes along in her own serene way, undisturbed by the petty bickerings of the passing parade of the species *homo sapiens*.

As human problems multiply it becomes increasingly important that large areas of the natural wilderness be reserved and protected as a sanctuary where men and women can find a quiet place of retreat—where the true values in life can be rediscovered and faith and courage be restored.

John Muir was one of the pioneers in the movement which gave this generation of Americans its national parks and other federal and state reserves designed for recreation and conservation. Muir and his associates faced bitter opposition when they sought to have Yosemite valley and other areas set aside for the permanent benefit of all Americans. The opposition continues today, against every similar move. There are men in congress, and in private business, who clamor constantly for a return of park and forestry reserves to a status where they can be exploited for private gain.

In the critical period through which we are now passing, you and I need those mountain and desert sanctuaries more than ever before, "where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike." Let's resist every move designed to take them away from us.



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Photograph taken in Death Valley near Stovepipe Wells by Fred H. Ragsdale.

DESERT SKIES

By FRANCES MAUD TAYLOR
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Divine repose o'er all—sublime day.
The calm beauty of the sky, across
whose loveliness
No clouds intrude.
Its vastness melting into pearly-grey,
Where the hill-tops in silvery hue
Are up-lifted in Holy quietude.

MEADOW LARK IN THE DESERT

By ETHEL PACKER
Calexico, California

I have heard his joyous carol
As he balanced, brave and gay,
Atop a fence post in a meadow.
On a chill midwestern day—
A day whose brightened sunshine
Told that spring would come ere long,
And winter-weary hearts were thrilled
By the meadow lark's gay song.

Again, I've heard his lilting notes—
Familiar, always gay,
Far from midwestern meadows
On a blazing autumn day.
Surprised—my heart uplifted—
To find in this strange place
The meadow lark's dear song outflung
To the desert's wind-swept space.

Christmas Eve on the Desert

By EMILY BEACH HOGAN
Chula Vista, California

I've never seen a Christmas Eve like this—
White from the moonlight, with the dunes of
sand
Agleam like crystal snowdrifts. Need I miss
The frozen sheen of eastern meadowland?
The frosted etchings on the windowpane?
The draught from flagon of the icy air?
No! Rather would I stand on this terrain.
Subdued illumination everywhere.

Here there are miles on miles of sky-arched
room;

Here I can breathe the desert's spicy smell.
And marvel at the bigness of the moon;
Here, watch the stars so near I cannot tell
But they are flaming candles in the blue,
Adorned by angels' mystic touch—alight
On Jesus' birthday, calling me and you
To worship on this strange, transfigured
night.

TWENTYNINE PALMS

By GRACE PARSONS HARMON
Los Angeles, California

Out among her misty smoke trees, not a care for
freckled nose,
With her jeans rolled up for freedom, noncha-
lant, she comes and goes;
Lazing in the heat of noonday, riding in the
setting sun,
Always ready with a greeting, or a bright quip
tossed in fun:

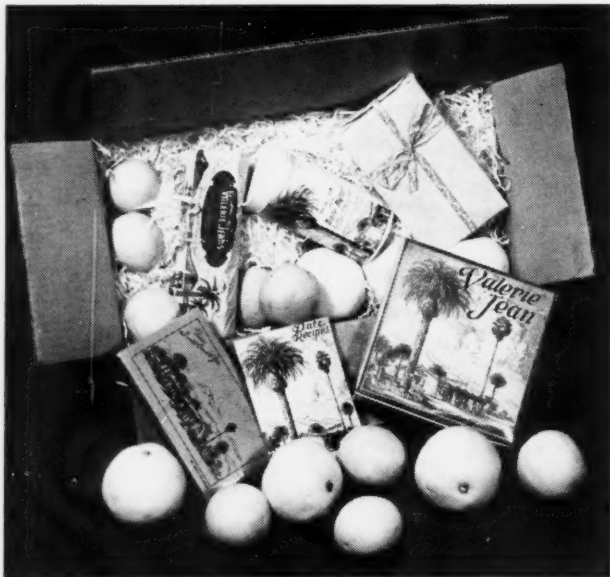
Unassuming and refreshing, with the poise and
grace of those
Honor-starred by desert sunshine—dust of
freckles on her nose!

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

The sands sing a song as the night rolls
along—
A song to quiet one's fears;
But the heart must be right in this long,
silent night,
If the strains of the music one hears.

Gifts from the Desert . . .



DESERT TREASURE GIFT PACK
Delivered Prepaid

\$10⁷⁵



DEGLET NOOR DATES . . .

3 lbs. . . . \$3.00 5 lbs. . . . \$4.50 Delivered Prepaid

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. . . . Any of these packages will bring to your friend
the rich flavor of Desert Goodness, plus the added flavor
of your Generous Thought in sending.
WE MAIL DIRECT ENCLOSING YOUR GIFT CARD.



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3 lbs. . . . 3.50 5 lbs. . . . 5.50

Valerie Jean Date Shop THERMAL, CALIFORNIA

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